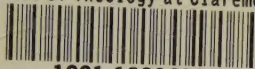


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*Freedom's Next War
for Humanity*

By Charles Edward Locke, D. D.



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*FREEDOM'S NEXT WAR FOR
HUMANITY*

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" *Freedom's Next War*
for Humanity

BY

CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, D. D.
!"

"Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The light and truth and love of heaven."

—JOHN G. WHITTIER



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1901

DEDICATION



TO MY WIFE

“Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.”

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FOREWORD

“O, how shall I help to right the world which is going wrong?
And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace?
The day of work is short and the night of sleep is long;
And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,
To plow in my neighbor's field, or seek the golden fleece,
Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and wish for ill to cease!”

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

FOREWORD

IT is impossible for an American citizen to take his country too seriously. In the evolution of the good the culminations of centuries are occurring in this land and in this age.

In the following pages it is sought to emphasize the necessity of an immediate attack upon the internal foes which are a menace to our Nation. "The king who fights his people fights himself." It is internal strife which has torn nations asunder. All are familiar with Henry Ward Beecher's experience with the Liverpool mob. They were determined to interrupt his speech. When a man badgered him with the question, "Why don't you put down the rebellion in the South?" Mr. Beecher, with characteristic brilliancy and dash, quieted the noisy throng by replying, "Because we are fighting Americans, and not Englishmen!"

The author believes that the battles will be fought in the field of social disorder, and that victories will be won as fundamental sociolog-

Foreword

ical principles are studied and applied. In these discussions technical and dogmatic terms have been avoided. No apology is offered because of the chapters devoted to the analysis of the ideal soldier who shall be in evidence in the coming combat, because the results of the contest are entirely with the man behind the gun. Frederick the Great's aphorism, "We must educate," is a distinguished general's assignment of the place of responsibility in warfare.

All movements in history are Christo-centric. If some reader shall be disposed to question the frequent reference to the Nazarene Carpenter, the author desires to justify his course in the fact that, in common with all students of social science to-day, he believes that, since Christ is the inspiration of all reforms for the amelioration of men, so in Christ and his teachings the only complete solution of all these problems will be found.

Columbia's king is the individual citizen, faithful and true to his country and his God, to the Flag and to the Cross.

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-ax, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

THE AUTHOR.

CAUSA BELLI

“You can build your Capitol of granite and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down.”

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

“It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

—PATRICK HENRY.

“To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions—to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it,—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false; to protect the weak, poor, suffering, and crushed; to combat for the persecuted and oppressed,—such was the war of Jesus Christ.”

—VICTOR HUGO.

“Wars to establish peace are justifiable, but for no other reason.”

—QUEEN VICTORIA.

CAUSA BELLI

IT is with pardonable pride that we recount the recent victories won for liberty and civilization by the Stars and Stripes. America, in her new rôle of defender and propagator of liberty, has been able to give substantial aid to struggling peoples, and is now in the counsels of the nations as an exponent of the highest type of free government.

It is also with humiliation and anxiety that we return from signal victories abroad, and examine the dangers and problems and shortcomings of a popular government. As we have fought a war for humanity, for peoples of other blood and language; so, if our Nation shall be perpetuated, we will be compelled to wage a war for the oppressed and victimized portion of our own citizenship. Though swords and gunboats may not be employed, yet the struggle will be no less intense; and it is certain it will call for as much courage and endurance as any battle that was ever won in the combat with arms.

Freedom's Next War for Humanity

Two great problems present themselves to this country for solution: First, shall we be able to maintain the spirit of liberty—the genius of our Republic; and, second, shall we be able to perpetuate the typical American? These two considerations involve all questions of statesmanship and politics, of morals and religion.

The history of our Nation is but the story of the evolution of liberty. Wars have been fought and epochs have been turned as this magnificent principle has gained the ascendancy in our national affairs. We believe with the Savior of his Country, that as a Nation “we can not endure half slave and half free.” Inimical forces are desperately and with demoniacal persistence at work day and night in this Nation, that are determined upon the overthrow of the Republic and the destruction of personal liberty and character. The internal foe is our most dangerous enemy. Our history attests the truth of Benjamin Harrison’s statement, “It is not in the power of any people on earth much to harm us, except our own people.”

A republic is the divine ideal of government. The commonwealth of Israel, under Moses and Joshua and the Judges, was interrupted during the days of Samuel because the people demanded a king, that they might imitate the heathen na-

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tions about them. A government of the people, for the people, by the people, is the highest conception of national organization, but for its integrity and perfection must depend upon the probity and virtue of the individual citizen.

Republics have perished in the past from extravagance, luxury, and frivolity. Frugality, simplicity, economy, and seriousness are indispensable to national vigor and life. Five hundred years before Christ Carthage was a flourishing republic, and Hannibal was greater than Cæsar; but the magnificent city with its triple wall could not withstand the invader without, when prodigality and dissipation were holding high carnival within.

Republics can not withstand avarice. The Pythian Apollo said, "Nothing but avarice can conquer Sparta." In national life the rapid increase of wealth produces selfishness and cupidity and arrogance. Rome once had a law prohibiting the individual citizen from owning more than five hundred acres. Wealth ordinarily despises poverty. There is a dangerous chasm in the forum of any nation if the rich grow richer and the poor become poorer. At this point republics suffer great danger. The caste lines fixed by selfish wealth are as cruel and inexorable as those which come by tradition. A re-

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public must recognize the equality and rights of each citizen, rich or poor. Many republics have died because the power became invested in the few who acquired the nation's wealth, and an oligarchical government was the result.

Envious poverty is equally a menace to national prosperity. It is often forgotten by the honest man struggling against poverty, that industry, frugality, sobriety, contentment, and reverence, or religion, offer a way out of the distresses of poverty. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The luxuries of this life do not seem always to be fairly divided. If one will study closely men and things, and forces which constantly operate, he will discover a benign law of compensation which gives to families that practice the virtues of upright citizenship immunity from the embarrassments of poverty and the other rewards and opportunities which are promised to those who honor the laws of God and man.

Our Government should wage a fierce battle against the oppression and neglect of the poor; against the diabolical slave-masters of the cruel sweat-shop. Laws must be passed to prevent great corporations from unjustly crowding down the wages of labor; and as well must capital have

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some defense against the dissatisfied anarchist who seeks to arouse discontent among the honored laboring classes.

There is no greater peril to our Nation to-day than the acknowledged corruption in municipal governments. It is appalling how bosses are recognized; how many hordes of hangers-on feed at the public crib, and how many men have become suddenly affluent in the public employ. Republics can not survive when the statesmen become demagogues, when politics are corrupted, and when true and self-sacrificing patriotism disappears. Athens and Rome and Venice and France have taught the world unmistakable lessons at this point. When laws can not be enforced, and when officers of the law connive at criminal infractions of the law; when public sentiment can not be aroused and does not resent insult, but consorts with cruel enemies,—then republics speedily disappear.

We are rapidly coming to be a Nation of cities. There is a slumbering volcano under nearly every city in this Nation to-day. Good men must go into politics, or our Nation is doomed. Public treasuries are looted, vice is practically licensed and under police protection, franchises become personal property, which rightfully belong to the municipality, and im-

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moralties are universal. All this because the busy, moral, lofty-spirited, and patriotic citizen has, as he thinks, neither time nor inclination to concern himself about political affairs. Just as it takes a man to make a soldier, so it takes men, true men, to make worthy citizens. There are many men who would willingly bear arms and go to the front in defense of the flag, who fail to recognize the virulence of the attack of these internal foes. We would better voluntarily destroy these enemies now, than to wait until we will be compelled to fight in self-defense.

Republics are doomed when citizens become impure, when reverence can not be found, when the temples are neglected, and the altars of worship are thrown down, and when a nation no longer produces mothers. The Anglo-Saxon mother has made England and America. When the mother-spirit dies a nation deserves to disappear. It is a familiar classic that upon one occasion, when Cæsar saw Roman women carrying dogs in their arms, he stingingly inquired whether the women of Rome no longer bore children. Napoleon's reply to Madame de Staël, that the greatest woman was she who bore the most children, has become an axiom.

The permanence of our Republic depends upon America continuing to be a Nation whose

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God is the Lord. It was Emerson who said: "America is only another name for opportunity. It is God's final effort in behalf of the human race." Our perpetuity as a Nation depends, therefore, upon the moral character of our citizens and our obedience to the commands of Almighty God. If America fails in her opportunity, it will be the disgrace and the catastrophe of history. All events and epochs of the past have led to the age in which we are living. America occupies the strategic point of the world. America's victory means America's immortality. Courage, conviction, humility, and purity, emphasized in the character of our citizenship, will develop giant men and women here in this Western Hemisphere, who, by the conquest of love and meekness, will conquer the whole world in the name of Christ!

A few months ago our army and navy responded to the cry of the starving reconcentrados in Cuba, and rescued them from the clutches of cruel masters. May we not adapt the Oriental proverb, and vehemently demand, "Whatsoever we have heard done in Cuba, do also here in thy country?" Do we not as a Government and as a people hear the wailing of the reconcentrados of vice here in our own towns and cities? The war in Cuba cost our country 550 lives and 1,500

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wounded, and was prosecuted at an expense of \$225,000,000. These are appalling figures; a great price to pay to redress the wrongs of that neighboring isle. But how our hearts should stand still when we know of the victims of vice in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave! How many young men have been entrapped! How many young women have been inveigled! How many homes have been desolated! How many hearts have been broken! How many family circles have been severed! How many children have starved! How many wives and mothers have been murdered! How many asylums have been crowded! How many prisons have been peopled! O, the tears and the sobbing! The blasted lives and hopes! The graves and the gallows! The maniacs and the invalids! All, all because vice is not sternly rebuked, and because the citizenship of this Nation does not demand its rights, and gallantly defend the helpless and the weak! In the midst of all this havoc and death, I am ready to borrow the words of Frederick Douglass, "I welcome the bolt, come it from heaven or hell, that shall break the power of these allies of American slavery!"

Answer me! If General Wood could stop the fearful ravages of vice and whisky in Havana,

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why can not the authorities do as well for our home cities? Is a military *régime* better than a civil government?

War should be declared to a finish against all forms of vice which enslave our people and imperil our national life. The orders issued to Admiral Dewey at Hong Kong, "Find the Spanish fleet and destroy it!" must be repeated against all the foes of the Republic. Too many of our preparations to meet these enemies are like the fort of the Revolutionary War which General Washington impatiently called Fort Nonsense, when he saw that it was constructed a mile away from the road along which the enemy would pass, and the guns of the fort would not throw more than half a mile. Our methods have been insufficient; questions of mode and expediency have divided the forces, and while the rescuing army has differed and dallied, multitudes of the prisoners of vice have been tortured and massacred. It is for this age to disprove the unjust characterization made by Matthew Arnold when he said, "The American idea of greatness is bigness," and show to the world that goodness and greatness are synonymous on this side of the Atlantic.

When this Nation can no longer perpetuate the typical American, when men of courage and

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sympathy and convictions and piety can no longer be built, then will decay and decline appear. The vices of a nation thrive upon the destruction of the manhood and womanhood of the nation. When good laws are not enforced the citizenship is poisoned and victimized. The degeneracy of the individual citizen means the disintegration of the foundations of the Republic; hence there is no foe so devilish as the demon who attacks a nation's manhood. Many times in the history of nations there has been a lamentable scarcity of men—as when Deborah defeated Sisera at the battle of Mount Tabor; and again when Elijah complained in Horeb that all men had departed into idolatry; and also when Jeremiah feared lest a single man could not be found in Jerusalem. Such a calamity had befallen Greece when the doughty Diogenes with lighted torch threaded the streets of Athens in broad daylight, seeking for a man. Hosea declared the penalty which would befall Ephraim, because of the lawlessness of the tribe, to be that “there shall not be a man left.” Nor is this to be understood as an arbitrary curse of high heaven, but the logical fruitage of national sins. A nation will decline and totter to its fall, and finally tumble into oblivion, when, by reason of encouraged vices, men no longer possess the indis-

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pensable traits of real manhood. There are certain processes which are directed against men, which, unless deterred, will result in the abolition of men as vigorous and noble factors of society. While, therefore, as a Nation, we are providentially led to assist struggling peoples in their contentions for their personal rights, we must not be unmindful of the paramount interests at home, which, if neglected, will speedily shorten our career as propagators of liberty, and exhibit the American Republic to the world as a pitiable spectacle—a Nation which could save others, but which could not save itself!

Our mission is plain! As the gallant exponents of freedom our own land shall be the granite citadel of liberty, and all oppressed people shall be assured of our sympathy and assistance. In the midst of his devotions one day, while lying prostrate before the holy sepulcher in Jerusalem, Peter the Hermit declared that he heard the voice of Christ distinctly say to him: "Peter, arise! Hasten to proclaim the tribulations of my people! It is time that my servants should receive help, and that the holy places should be delivered!" There is a call to arms to-day! There are modern crusades which are waiting for the bold Peters of Amiens. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a prophet of the New Humanity

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when he said: "There were holy wars of old in which it was glory enough to die; wars in which the only aim was to rescue the sepulcher of Christ from the hands of infidels. The sepulcher of Christ is not in Palestine. He rose from that burial-place more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is crucified wherever his brethren are slain without pity; he lies buried wherever man, made in his Maker's image, is entombed in ignorance, lest he should learn the rights his Divine Master gave him."

"Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?"

*THE AMERICAN NATION A
CHILD OF PROVIDENCE*

“That motionless shaft will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age leaning against its base, and ingenuous youth gathering round it, will speak to each other the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, ‘Thank God! I also am an American.’”

—DANIEL WEBSTER AT BUNKER HILL.

“The BOOK, sir (the Bible), is the rock on which our Republic rests.”

—PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

“And so it has been written in God’s Book of Destiny that over America should wave neither the Golden Lilies of France, nor the Lion and Tower, ‘pale emblems of Castilian pride;’ but first the stainless *semper eadem* of England, and then—we do not grudge them to you—the Stars and Stripes, which you borrowed from the English tomb of the Washingtons. America was God’s destined heritage; not for tyranny, not for aristocracy, not for privilege—but for progress, and for liberty, and for the development of a great and noble type of righteous, fearless, and independent manhood.”

—FARRAR.

THE AMERICAN NATION A CHILD OF PROVIDENCE

AS we contemplate the new struggles which shall involve our Nation, it will steady our faith and nerve us for victory if we shall briefly recount the early historical events which accentuate the assertion that the American Nation is a child of Providence.

The astronomer and geologist hold us willing captives, while they give us in fascinating detail the methods of creative genius in the formation of the worlds. But not more surely did an omnipotent Creator speak the universe out of chaos than that this same Creator will personally superintend the establishment of a moral and spiritual kingdom upon these material foundations.

With this theory of the philosophy of history, it is a charming privilege to trace the hand of God in the annals of nations. It is inspiring to observe how mysteriously a guiding Hand has directed the course of national events, warranting

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us in the conclusion that the American Nation is a child of Providence.

With fervid eloquence Henry Grady said: "Our history has been a constant and expanding miracle all the way—even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. Let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time."

Columbus was a providential man. In the great movements of history some men stand forth pre-eminently among their fellows; they are like pivots upon which the epochs of history turn. Such men were Moses, and Abraham, and Nehemiah; John the Baptist, and Paul, and Peter the Hermit; Cromwell and Lincoln. This seems to be true in a remarkable degree of Columbus. He was a man of convictions. His ambition to travel westward upon the boundless sea was not a caprice; it settled down upon him as a duty. Columbus became the embodiment of the spirit of the age. The intelligence of his day was reaching out after undiscovered lands. Men were placing their hands above their eyes and

A Child of Providence

gazing intently westward, as if to descry against the horizon the hilltops of a distant continent. There were many map and globe makers, among whom was a brother of Columbus. Prince Henry of Portugal became an enthusiastic geographical explorer and navigator. In a very especial manner he opened the way for the discovery of the Western World. It is said of Prince Henry that he declined to pursue militarism, for which he had exhibited marked genius, declaring: "No, I have better work. I propose to enlarge the boundary of human knowledge; to uncover the lands that are shrouded with the mists of the sea; to open up the world for commerce and the Christian faith." It is interesting also to note that at the time of the voyage of Columbus, "young Magellan, who was to become the first circumnavigator of the globe, was a lad of twelve, among the mountain altitudes of his birthplace in Portugal; Martin Luther, a lad of nine, and all unconscious of the fame and toil which were before him, was a lad in the village of Eisleben; Michael Angelo, the poet, the painter, the architect, the engineer, the sculptor, the creator of Saint Peter's at Rome, the Titan of the world of art, was a lad of seventeen in the midst of his dreams and studies, and preliminary labors in the artistic paradise, Flor-

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ence, in Italy; and here, too, at Florence, Lorenzo de Medici, at the end of his career, lay dying, forlorn, aghast, and remorseful."

Among the forces which providentially operated for the great achievement of Christopher Columbus was his marriage to Felipa, the daughter of Peretrello, who had distinguished himself as a navigator, and had been made governor of the Madeira Islands, which he had himself discovered. The young wife was ambitious for her husband, and coveted for him the fame of also finding some unknown territory; and when, at her early death, she left him lonely and sad with his little toddling Diego, she also bequeathed to him her loving confidence that he would some day sail out upon that western sea. In the bright history of this mighty western civilization it will not be forgotten that two gracious women, Queen Isabella and Felipa, supplied cheer and courage to the faltering discoverer.

Columbus was a man of faith, a man of courage. He endured thirteen years of ignominy, poverty and abuse before friends arose to help him transform his dream into realization. He was ceaselessly persistent, devoutly humble, and besides exhibited his true manhood by being willing to suffer for his convictions. The familiar story need not be told again of the weary

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search of Columbus for material assistance. We can see him footsore and disheartened, with the little Diego hungry and ragged at his side, coming, at last, to the monastery of La Rabida in Southern Spain. Here he found a friend in the good priest Marchena, who had once been confessor to the queen. This devoted monk became the providential instrument by which the invincible but discouraged man had access to the throne, and which finally resulted in three fragile caravels leaving the port of Palos, carrying with them the blessings of the Church and State. It is safe to say that, without the faith and prayers of Columbus, that invincible Armada of daring men would never have been organized; and without those same prayers and faith the tired crews could never have endured the strain and storms and disappointments of sixty days of unsuccessful sailing.

The discovery of America was a providential event. Such an event is one in which marvelous movements culminate, or from which they emanate like beams from the face of the sun. Events of this character occurred when the son of Terah forsook his paternal idols in Chaldea, when the Spanish Armada was disastrously defeated by the army of Elizabeth, and when the Boys in Blue won at the battle of Gettysburg.

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It was in the fullness of time when America was discovered. The Bible had been unchained, printing had been invented, there was a revival in letters, the Moors had been expelled, Constantinople had fallen, experimental science had had its beginnings. A new arena was in demand, the great purposes of the years were about culminating; and at this opportune time this continent, with its boundless resources, was opened to the dauntless navigator. Here the logic of creation was to be demonstrated, here the rationale of human existence was to be revealed.

Note the event of 1620. At that time in this new country there was a flourishing English colony in Jamestown, Virginia. The Spaniards had founded St. Augustine in the Land of Flowers, and the Dutch were strengthening themselves on Manhattan Island. In this year the movements of the hand of Providence are distinctly visible. If the Spaniards had succeeded in America, the civilization of an effete monarchical form of government would have crushed the new country; if the settlers at Jamestown had succeeded, a mediæval civilization would have blighted this land; if the industrious Dutch had prevailed, this country would have been great only as a commercial center; but in 1620, with the coming of the *Mayflower*, elements were in-

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roduced which were destined in a peculiar sense to make this God's country. The historian states that every enterprise of the Pilgrims began with God. When the first colony was organized, it was clearly stated that it was "for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith."

With the dawn of the seventeenth century great principles were struggling for the ascendancy. The new country opened a field for the operation and triumph of ideas. With the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers the human mind was emancipated. It was no longer a crime for a man to think. Men like Galileo and Giordano Bruno had been put to death, and others like Copernicus had been excommunicated, because of declaring their convictions and announcing the deductions of their mathematical investigations; but with the touching of the prow of the *Mayflower* an asylum was found where men could indulge mental processes and worship God as their consciences dictated.

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

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Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

The providential sequel of the coming of the Puritans was the struggle for liberty in 1776, and the re-enforcement of the purpose of the New World in the battle of 1812. Men who had sought a distant shore, and had established religious freedom, could not longer endure political serfdom.

Two forces inimical from the foundation of the world reached these shores almost simultaneously, and were destined sooner or later to meet in open combat. They were represented in Jamestown and in Plymouth Rock—they were freedom and slavery. The Civil War of the sixties was the logical sequence of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Slavery could not win—it was against the purpose of the Almighty for the New World. By an irony of fate, even the

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site of Jamestown, Virginia, is being swept by the swift waters of the James River, grinding against the banks, from the face of a continent which it has so long dismally desecrated!

It was the mission of America to teach the world the fundamental principle that all men are created equal under the law. The liberation of the black man in the sixties was the most astonishing event of two centuries. But in less than a score of years the example of the new country had been followed by all civilized nations.

We must not therefore overlook, in our interest in world-wide proclamations of liberty, our supreme duty to ourselves. We must maintain and steadily increase our integrity and strength and personality as a Nation. Great nations die from internal enemies—from strife, selfishness, and corruption. We must be faithful to ourselves if we shall fulfill the prophecy of the translated Grand Old Man of England, "America will one day become what England is to-day, the head steward in the great household of the world, because her service will be the best and the ablest." We must remember that permanent power is based on service and the survival of the fittest.

Abraham Lincoln as a statesman and seer

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spoke immortal words, which should be written upon our national escutcheon, when, in referring to a possible downfall of America, he said: "At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is this approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us. It can not come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a Nation of freemen, we must live through all time or die by suicide."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

“Ask the laborers in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; and none of these, who is a true workman, will ever tell you, that he has found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of his face he should eat bread. . . . The wealth of a nation may be estimated by the number of happy souls that are employed in making useful things.”

—RUSKIN.

“Labor is Rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from the world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.”

—OSGOOD.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

THE great battle-ground of our next war will be in the social conditions of men. Wide are the misunderstandings and sharp are the antagonisms between muscle and mind, between money and material; between the sacred rights of capital and the equally sacred rights of labor. The paramount questions of the day are dealing with social criminations and recriminations.

Among the most honored in all sociological factors is the Man with the Hoe. Carlyle somewhat sarcastically, but with much discrimination, once said, "All men are divided into working-men, beggarmen, and thieves." There is a suggestive legend which relates that when the wise Grecian counselor Ulysses stood before the great Judge at the end of his life, he was greeted with gracious words of approval for his achievements, but was told if he would gain the truest character and be most acceptable to the gods, he must go back to the world and live another life as a workingman.

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Listen to the clashing of social theories and the confusion of opposing champions. The rights of labor and of capital and of property, competition and co-operation, single-tax, trusts, and arbitration are all vociferously advanced and defended. Much vituperative denunciation characterizes the discussions. Now and then strikes and bloody anarchistic outbreaks almost introduce a reign of terror. But in the midst of this terrific uproar, which at times threatens the peace of the world and the lives of men, a commanding voice of sublime pathos is heard, saying, "Peace, be still!"

Galilean mountains rise in picturesque grandeur from the blue edges of the sea of Genesaret. On the gentle slopes of these historic uplands, Jesus Christ, at the close of a busy day, gathered about Himself the weary toilers, returning from their labors, with the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." With a grassy mound for a throne, robed in a peasant's garb, with a scepter of love in his hand, Jesus Christ is humanity's noblest King.

Note the dignity, honor, sacredness, and privilege of work. It is easy to sympathize with Karl Marx, Adam Smith, and Ricardo in their claim that "labor is the source of all value and

The Man with the Hoe

measure of price." Work is not a curse, but a blessing; by it man is to subdue the earth. "Laborare est orare." To work is to worship. Carlyle said that all true work is religion, and that there was one monster in the world—the idle man. And you will be in good company if "thy work, like Dante's, shall keep thee lean for many years." It was Paul who wrote, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

"Freemen freely work;
Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease."

Charles Lamb seriously blundered when he said that "Sabbathless Satan invented work." Work is necessary to development. Our John G. Whittier sang:

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny paths away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

The Hoe and the Pen and the Sword have been the great instruments of civilization, and these shall some day be but two, for the sword shall be beaten into a plowshare—yes, the hoe; and the pen and hoe will more speedily achieve the subjugation of the earth. The man with the hoe is the producer; he is a benefactor, a creator, a partner of God. He is not to be pitied,

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but felicitated. Our talented countryman has not fully comprehended Millet's majestic masterpiece. The bareheaded peasant of the picture is not the product of labor; work refines, and with the hoe as a weapon he is to work out his own elevation—his salvation. The faithful toiler will hear at last his "well done," whether his implement be a pen or a hoe. It is the idle man without a hoe who is to be pitied.

But honest labor stands on golden feet, and will some day win a jeweled crown. There is no real aristocracy except the nobility of goodness. "The Man with the Hoe" may be as honorable as the man with the sword or pen or crown. Divine Presence can make a man's hoe his scepter, his shoemaker's bench his throne; and if circumstances compel the man with the hoe to continue as a toiler in the field, his spiritual vision may be so clear and his association with the God of the harvests so intimate, that he may be a useful member of society—a man of honesty and sobriety, common sense and holiness. John Vance Cheney has written the best reply to Markham's poem:

"No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

The Man with the Hoe

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest ;
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him, and such as he ;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
The Mother molded him ;

Long wrought and molded him with mother's care
Before she set him there.

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies ;

See ! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was digged from it ;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand ;

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go."

It is the children of such surroundings that have made epochs and startled the ages. Daniel Webster once said: "When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.

Behold the wondrous achievements of the man with the hoe, he who "earns his bread with the sweat of his brow," for truly he is subduing the earth. The world belongs to him. He is the maker of history. Moses and David were shep-

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herds. Gideon was a thresher. Elisha was a plowman. Paul was a tent-maker. Cincinnatus was a farmer. William Carey and John G. Whittier were cobblers, John Bunyan was a tinker, and Luther was a rustic. Franklin was a printer, Patrick Henry grew up in the fields, and Abraham Lincoln was a woodsman—a pioneer—a man with an ax and a hoe.

The poet's misconception of the painter is remarkably accentuated by events in the French Republic. Just when the world is standing breathlessly before the French peasant in the picture, another French peasant is hurried from the toil of the fields to the Presidential chair, and Loubet is honored with the highest place in the gift of his country. It is described as a most touching scene, when the honored President of the French Republic returned some months ago to the little town where he was born in a typical rural home. Here still his aged mother resides, living in plainest style and wearing the simple peasant garb. With her neighbors and friends she met her distinguished son at the village railroad station. As he alighted he hurried to her side, and tenderly embraced her as tears of joy streamed down the cheeks of the proud and joyful mother. Struggle is strength, and honest toil is character.

The Man with the Hoe

It is a woman poet, fearless Mrs. Stetson, who has written:

“Shall you complain who feed the world?

Who clothe the world?

Who house the world?

Shall you complain who are the world,

Of what the world may do?

As from this hour

You use your power,

The world will follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand!

Your strong right hand!

Your skilled right hand!

You hold the whole world in your hand.

See to it what you do!

Or dark or light,

Or wrong or right,

The world is made by you.

Then rise as you never rose before!

Nor hoped before!

Nor dared before!

And show as was never shown before,

The power that lies in you!

Stand all as one!

See justice done!

Believe and dare and do!”

We must not forget what was emphasized by Dr. Lyman Abbott in a recent address to the young women at Wellesley College: “I want to

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remind you of what Mr. Gladstone said—that all the great movements for the development of the race have sprung from the common people. It was so with Wesleyanism, so with Puritanism, and it was so with democracy. It was so with the great Lutheran reformation, and it was so also with Christianity.”

If the man with the hoe would “hoe well his row” and honorably fill his place, he must be as well a man with a heart, challenging the truth of the poet’s conception, and showing in his own life that he is “the handiwork of God,” “touched with immortality,” and giving back the upward look and light.

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"I believe the industrial question is a religious question. I believe that everything that has to do with the welfare of men, in politics, in industry, is religious at the bottom. I believe Jesus of Nazareth is the Father, the Savior of the human race. In his principles of justice, in his principles of brotherhood, we find the solution of these questions."

EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Were Jesus to return among us, he would acknowledge as his disciples, not those who claim to include him entirely in a few pages of the Catechism, but those who continue to love him. The eternal glory, in every order of grand achievement, is to have laid the first stone. Whatever may be the transformation of dogmas, Jesus will remain in religion the creator of its pure sentiment. The Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed.

—RENAN.

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JESUS CHRIST was himself a workingman, and is the workingman's truest and most sympathetic friend. He said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." When the workingman forsakes Christ, he deprives himself of his best friend. Much is being said in these days about the wage-earner's aversion to the Church, and much injustice is being done both the workingman and the Church. There are doubtless two important reasons for any estrangement which may exist. For the first the Church is responsible, and yet I am convinced that much that is charged against the Church is positively false and vicious. I do not deny that Church organizations may be found where the toilers are not invited, and where class distinctions are always apparent; but to call such societies Churches is a misnomer—they are exclusive social clubs, and neither in spirit, in teaching, nor in work can be classed as temples of the living God.

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And it may have been true, some years ago, before these subjects were agitated, that some Churches allowed breaches to widen between them and the poor; but it can not be successfully contradicted that all over this land to-day it is the rule, and not the exception, that the Churches of Christ are anxiously seeking to reach the masses. Professor Wyckoff, of Princeton, who a year or two ago tramped in the garb of a laborer all over this country and worked at any kind of employment he could secure, says: "When I had made the round of many Churches of many denominations I realized how general and how sincere among them is the spirit of hospitality to the working poor. In the vestibules I always found young men who acted as ushers. Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting. In the pews there was no withdrawing of skirts, nor were there other signs of objections to me as a fellow-worshiper. On the contrary, a hymnal or a prayer-book would be promptly offered, and sometimes shared; and at the service-end a cordial invitation to come again would often follow me from the pew-door, although frequently I noticed that I was conspicuously lonely as a representative of the poor."

His investigations also emphasized what some

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thoughtful Christian workers have been urging for some years, that the mission Church, so called, will not reach the masses. When, at his boarding place one Sunday evening, he invited one of his fellow-workmen to accompany him to Church, he was indignantly refused. We will let Mr. Wyckoff tell it in his own way: "Besides Dennis and three others, who were Roman Catholics, the men at Mrs. Schulz's boarding-house did not go to church. In talking with them I discovered that all had been more or less in the habit of church-going in their country homes, but that the habit had dropped completely from them upon coming to live in town. The case was perfectly apparent. The mere suggestion of a mission church was insulting to them, and from the new idea of churches for the rich they had learned their first lesson in class distinctions. Every feature of such a church, its richly-dressed occupants in their high-priced pews, and the general atmosphere of merely social superiority, would have inflicted upon these men, in spite of a cordial welcome, as deep a wound to their self-respect as they would have felt in being decoyed to a formal reception in a lady's drawing-room. To them the latter function could not be more obviously intended for another class than theirs. One night, before I left the factory, Albert spoke

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his mind to me on the subject with much freedom. Several times I had asked him to come with me to church, and on this particular Saturday evening I spoke of a preacher whom I hoped to hear in the morning, and who, I urged, would surely interest him.

“‘Look here, John,’ he said, finally, ‘it’s all right you asking me to go to church, but I ain’t going. I used to go regular when I lived to home, although I ain’t no church member. It was different out there, for ’most everybody went and chipped in what they could, and everybody sat where they liked, and it was n’t one man’s church more than another’s. You go to church if you like. That’s your own business. But I ain’t going to no one-horse mission chapel that the rich has put up so they won’t be bothered with the poor in their own churches. You say they treat you well when you go to church on Michigan Avenue. I do n’t doubt it. What reason would they have for not treating you well? But, all the same, they take you in for charity, for you could n’t pay for a seat in one of them churches. No, sir, the rich folks build their churches for themselves, and they keep them up for themselves, and I ain’t never going to interfere with that arrangement. I do n’t mind going to the meetings of the Association

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once in a while, for there's fellows of your own kind there, and you hear some good speaking and singing. I ain't got much use even for that, for it's only a side-show that's run mostly by the rich, but I ain't got no use at all for your churches.'"

Uptown churches are needed, of course; but the strong, vigorous downtown church must be maintained; it must be manned and attended by people of culture and means, or it can not perpetuate its character as a magnetic spiritual center. Many Christian people will have to be willing to suffer much inconvenience to attend churches some distance from their homes, and when congregations desire to erect uptown churches, except in rare cases, the downtown locations ought not to be abandoned. Christ went where the masses crowded; and attractive, vigorous, spiritual church organizations ought not to forsake the centers of population.

I repeat that while the Church has been much to blame for the estrangement which has occurred between itself and the masses, yet this has been maliciously exaggerated by enemies of the Church and by those who have sought to infuriate the working people against the Church.

The other reason why more workingmen do not attend Church lies with the toilers them-

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selves. It is the same reason why people of any work and place in life are indifferent to their Church obligations; I mean sin, sin in its many phases. The Nazarene Carpenter had these enemies of man's religious nature in his thought when he affectionately invited those tired toilers to come to him and find rest to their souls.

Jesus Christ showed himself the working-man's best friend by teaching him to "beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Covetousness is hardly less a sin of one class of persons more than another.

The great Homestead strike was precipitated by covetous men, who were already receiving from eight to twenty-five dollars a day. Covetousness produces discontent in the midst of great prosperity. Isaac Walton once facetiously described England as "in peace and happiness, but inwardly sick of being well." It was Max O'Rell who said, "One thing is certain, no man can possess ten millions—the ten millions possess him." Many men are abject slaves to what the world calls success. "Thou shalt not covet" was born long ago when Sinai travailed; and never were there so many evidences of the woe and disaster that follow inexorably upon disobedience to this last one of the commandments of

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commandment, "Love one another as I have loved you." As Christ's kingdom becomes more and more established, the principles upon which his kingdom rests are asserting themselves with increasing influence. The battle to-day, as of old, is between light and darkness, truth and error. Christ's philosophy gains ascendancy as gradually as darkness is replaced by the dawn. So modestly does the Nazarene assert himself that many persons have not discovered his Divine presence. The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal until all was leavened. The word "leaven" is derived from the Latin word "*levare*," which means "to lift." Thus do the truths of Christ lift mankind to the levels of divinity.

"The wise men ask, 'What language did Christ speak?'

They cavil, argue, search, and little prove.

O sages, leave your Syriac and your Greek!

Each heart contains the knowledge that you seek;

Christ spoke the universal language—Love."

The solution of all the social problems which confront us to-day must, therefore, be Christ. Lucy Larcom sweetly sang:

"The secret of life—it is giving,

To minister and to serve;

Love's law binds man to the angel,

And ruin befalls if we swerve.

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riches can nullify this inexorable law. There is an American proverb, "Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." There is a reversion of type when evil is encouraged. Conformity with the world—physical indulgence in sin—means atrophy and death. The fittest survives, the sinful disappears.

With poetical extravagance, Plato described his "Republic," Bacon his "New Atlantis," More his "Utopia," William Morris his "News from Nowhere," and Bellamy his "Looking Backward." With vision and vagary, each of these writers describes an imaginary condition. But Jesus Christ, fresh from the carpenter-shop and the fishing-smack, touched with a feeling of the infirmities and necessities of mankind, came to establish a condition which was to be entered by faith and occupied by purity. When he saw how men restlessly surged and fretted, he tenderly said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is the Open Sesame to all the treasures of earthly existence.

The source of the present social unrest and striving for truer and more beautiful conditions, as Benjamin Kidd indicates, lies in the altruistic tendency; but the real foundation of all altruism is Christ—he who was the incarnation of the

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To illumine the scroll of creation,
One swift, sudden vision sufficed,
Every riddle of life worth the reading
Has found its interpreter—CHRIST."

If it is true that the gospel has been the inspiring source of modern civilization, manifestly the Christ of the gospel will be needed to work order out of the confusion which his teachings have superinduced. A Christian civilization without Christ does not civilize and can not endure. The Christian system contemplates the recognition of Christ as its center and governor and conservator. When another is placed upon Christ's throne, disorder, anarchy, and death will follow. Christ must administer his own government.

There are no dynamics or vitality in religion apart from Christ. The apathy of a Christless Church is proverbial. The Church which attempts to take Christ's divine truth without his divine character is not an aggressive factor in Christian work. After going all over the field of a Christless philosophy, Dr. Romanes came back to the foot of the cross, and made his humble confessions that there was no salvation in science. So there is no vitality or dynamics in social reforms except in Jesus Christ. This is a simple lesson, but men are slow to learn it. Men start

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out to find some other panacea for the ailments of society, only to return after a few years; and honest men have come back in every generation humbly to confess their errors and to declare anew that there is "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." One of the last men publicly to confess his blunders and avow his confidence is the brilliant pastor of Plymouth Church, when in his letter of resignation he says: "I see that what I had once hoped might be done for my fellows through schemes of social reform and philanthropy can only be done by the influence of Jesus Christ. For there is no dynamic in reform save the cross of Jesus Christ." Why do we waste time in personal ambitions and experiments? Let us learn from the failures of men in the past, and not seek in new theories the solution of old problems. Society is waiting for its King! The souls of men are hungry for Christ. They are asking for bread; let us not give them a stone, but the living bread which came down from heaven!

Jesus Christ is the Open Sesame which unlocks the treasures of character. As has been well said: "Man is the standard of value, not things. An industrial system, then, must produce good men and good women, or tend to

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produce them." Any system is a failure which does not develop manhood and womanhood. Christ, the perfect man, inspired noblest character.

Christ is the Open Sesame of truth. These jeweled portals of truth swing wide open at the talismanic name of Jesus. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Men are refined and saved by truth. Men will never be any better than the things they know. Those who sit at the feet of the Nazarene Carpenter will "learn of Me"—the great "I AM." As men become custodians of great truth, they absorb the divinity of the things they understand.

Jesus will prove the Open Sesame of life. Human life and divine, temporal and eternal life. And thus will society discover its affinities and become homogeneous in believing in the same Christ. As a common impulse shall throb the heart of all, then the brotherhood shall be secure. A poet makes our Christ to say:

"Yea, as from endless joy I came
To bear the whole of human woe
And all my brother's pain to know,
So he who follows me shall find
Self's weak petitions left behind,
And, loving, suffering, strong, shall be
One with his brethren—and with me."

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That is an old but immortal story which recounts the experiences of a man who was captured by the corsairs of the Mediterranean and sold as a slave to a cruel Mohammedan master. Long after, an Englishman bargained for the slave and purchased him. Whereupon the poor captive cried out, "Do you, a free-born Englishman, buy me for a slave?" His purchaser responded, "Yes, but I have bought you to set you free!" Immediately the grateful man fell at the feet of his benefactor, and said, "I will be your servant forever!" The Nazarene Carpenter's mission in the world is to set the captives free; but he binds his followers to himself with cords of love which shall never be broken. Love for one Lord will make all men brothers.

"Never in a costly palace did I rest on golden bed,
Never in a hermit's cavern have I eaten idle bread.

Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round me stood,
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled, and found it
good.

They who tread the path of labor follow where my feet have
trod;

They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

Where the many toil together, there am I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life."

*IS THE GOLDEN RULE PRAC-
TICABLE?*

“Jesus founded religion on humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy, as Aristotle founded science.”

—RÉNAN.

“He who overcomes by force
Hath overcome but half his foe.”

—PARADISE LOST.

“Foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were these two inseparable truths—there is but one God; all men are the sons of God—and the promulgation of these two truths changed the face of the world, and enlarged the moral circle to the confines of the inhabited globe. To the duties of men towards the family and country were added duties toward humanity. Man then learned that wheresoever there existed a human being, there existed a brother—a brother with a soul as immortal as his own.”

—MAZZINI.

“There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures.”

—CICERO.

IS THE GOLDEN RULE PRACTICABLE?

TRUTH-SEEKERS have been persecuted and martyred by one age, crowned and apotheosized by another. Slaves have no social problems—their limitations are fixed. But when men are set free by truth, they demand that they shall be free indeed. After long years of struggle, physical slavery disappeared from Christian nations, and intellectual and industrial and social freedom will inevitably follow.

Truth has moved down the centuries, overturning dynasties, destroying idolatries, rebuking corrupt hierarchies, demolishing autocracies, defying oppression, dissolving doubt, denouncing error, terrorizing vice, and illuminating goodness. It addresses men, not as herds of animals, but as individuals. It is sometimes incarnated in human form, and joins the great brotherhood. It magnifies the individual by preaching its greatest sermons to philosophers alone at mid-

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night, and to a water-carrier at Jacob's well. Truth's masterful manifesto, the Sermon on the Mount, was addressed to less than a score of obscure hearers.

The antagonisms of the day between the classes and the masses, and concerning all social distinctions and differences, are the result of an effort to apply properly great principles which are not yet understood in their full meaning. Man in his completely regenerated condition is not pugnacious. Jesus Christ came to bring peace; but the approach to this beautiful citadel is by the rough paths of struggle. If man were a slave, there would be peace; but it would be the peace of servility and cowardice and stupidity and stagnation and death. Just as in geological periods great cataclysms were necessary to pile up the mountains and hollow out the valleys, to deposit the rich minerals in the bowels of the earth, to define the boundaries of the seas and give directions to the rivers and prepare the earth for man's habitation, so it is not to be wondered at if in all the long processes of social evolution it shall sometimes happen that chaotic misunderstandings shall produce temporary estrangements and bitter antagonisms, and "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Christianity is to-day struggling with its own

Is the Golden Rule Practicable?

progeny. It has required nearly two thousand years to bring the contest just where Christ intended it to take place, in the social life of man. Christianity is not a fairy tale; it is not a mythological theory; it is not the fantastic dream of a visionary. It is either a system of truth, capable of detailed application to the affairs of men, or else it is nothing. And so long as it is regarded as merely a thing spiritual with reference more to the eternal world than to this one, it will fail in the purpose of the Great Teacher, and society will fail in realizing the culminations of prosperity and personal privilege, and happiness and harmony and holiness, for which this old world was created.

If our premise is correct that Jesus Christ is the source and inspiration of the upward tendency in the social world, manifestly, if we would work out our destiny and come speedily to our possible triumphs, we must recognize Christ as our Leader and Teacher. A Christian civilization without Christ will soon destroy itself. The privileges and liberties and independence and culture which Christ encourages and inculcates, anticipate that Christ shall be accepted with his truths; and, when men take Christ's teachings without Christ, they as speedily and surely reach disaster as the great and complex machine rends

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itself to pieces unless it is furnished with a true and reliable governor to regulate the operations and movements of the ponderous thing. The trouble with many men and many reformers and many organizations to-day is that they do not recognize in Jesus Christ the only conservator and preserver of his own doctrines.

If we come to this Great Teacher he will give us instruction upon practical principles, which, when adopted, will allay all social irritation; contentment and plenty will abound, and class antagonisms will cease forever. Among these basal truths is this one, "He who would be chief among you must be the servant of all." In the kingdom of Christ there will be an aristocracy, but it will be the nobility of service; there will be superiority, but it will be the priority of humility.

The Nazarene Carpenter is the author of the royal law, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Among the ancients there was a negative and passive statement of this law, "Do not unto others," etc. Before Christ the law was, "Do n't do anything to hurt others;" but Christ's law is, "Go, do something to bless others." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Is this Golden Rule not practicable? Verily, there is not a social or industrial wrong which it would not correct.

Is the Golden Rule Practicable?

While I was in San Francisco, in a short address one evening, Edwin Markham said, "We have committed the Golden Rule to heart; now let us commit it to life."

Sadly vexatious as is the problem of the following incident, the royal law is sufficient to solve it. A newspaper representative had the following interview with a coal-miner during the recent strike in the anthracite region:

"You are out with the rest?" was asked by the reporter. "Yes," he announced shortly. "Are you going to win?" "I do n't know." "Do you think you are going to win?" "God knows." "But what is the prospect?" "Bad. The operators have millions. We have n't a cent. My last month's (August) wages are all gone. After paying my bills I have n't a cent left. And I am in debt. All I can look for is pay for my September time. That I will get early in October." "And in the meantime how will you live?" "I can get credit against my October payday all right." "Why do you go out then? If you can't live longer than that, you surely can't win." "What would I do? Go to work in spite of the strike order?" The man had spoken all along in a hopeless, sullen, dreary tone. At this question he lost his dreariness and turned almost fiercely. "Yes, go to work and be a scab—a

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scab, man. Do you want me to be a scab? Friend," the miner continued after a pause, "you can't know what it means to be a 'scab,' otherwise you would n't ask me if I was going out with the others when a 'strike' has been ordered. I'd better be dead than be a 'scab' in this region. The name would stick to me and all belonging to me—to me and my children. My neighbors and all my friends would shun me; the people would go on the other side of the street when they saw me coming. My wife would be hooted. I have three children in school. I'd have to take them out. If they tried to remain the children would drive them out with cries of 'Scab,' 'Scab,' every minute of the day. Even the teacher would turn on them. Yes, friend, I am going to stay out."

In the application of the Golden Rule the brotherhood will be recognized and established. Then it will be "each for all, and all for each." Then love will take the place of hate, and sympathy will wipe away indifference. The Master and the man, as Tolstoi has pathetically declared, are each a necessity to the happiness and prosperity of the other.

"Ah, then shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land."

Is the Golden Rule Practicable?

Then the sweat-shop system shall go into the dark depths where all slaveries gravitate, and one of the most cruel abominations that ever cursed mankind shall cease.

Slowly this beneficent rule is making its way. One of the most auspicious tendencies of the time is the munificent gifts of the rich in the building of schools and libraries, parks, baths, hospitals, orphanages, etc. The sublime law of reciprocity is increasingly honored.

Plainly there is just one cure for all these social ills. Dr. Maurice spoke wisely when he said, "Be very sure of this that no human creatures will be found saying sincerely, 'Our brothers' on earth, unless they have said previously, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" The Golden Rule is Christ's law, and only Christ can completely enforce that law. Let us, therefore, try Christianity. Let us give Christianity a chance.

*ARE ALL MEN CREATED
EQUAL?*

"Be your country your temple; God at the summit;
a people of equals at the base."

—MAZZINI.

"The obsolete objection is still sometimes urged
that luxury gives employment to labor. The only way
to help society is to give to workmen useful employ-
ment, to aid and encourage them to produce needful
goods."

—RICHARD T. ELY.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

—TENNYSON.

ARE ALL MEN CREATED EQUAL?

IF we put our question, "Are all men created equal?" to the Bible, we receive an unequivocal reply. Paul answers, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" and in another place, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." The prophet Malachi replies to our question by asking others: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?" Jesus Christ begins his universal prayer with the charmed words, "Our Father;" and adds a new commandment to the Decalogue, "Love one another as I have loved you." Christ announces himself as our Elder Brother, and thus establishes the brotherhood of the race and the solidarity of human society.

If we put our question to our forefathers they answer us in the words of the immortal Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal;

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that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." As we pursue our investigations further we are forced to confess that, while it is clear that all men are created equal, yet it is evident that there is a vast amount of inequality among men.

So far as our rights before God are concerned we are created equal; politically and legally we are equal; each may claim all the rights and privileges and protection which are claimed by the other. But when we study society as it exists to-day, we find great disparity and inequality among men, physically, mentally, financially; in opportunity, in inheritance, and in environment. Every man has an equal right with every other to all the joys of life; but some men have less ability to claim these rights than other men.

Our fallacy to-day is in accepting this dictum of our Republic as true in every particular. On the assumption that every man has equal ability, as well as equal rights, to achieve, men have gone selfishly into the contest for success, and the result is that many of the weaker ones have been left behind, and are now in poverty and vice and woe. Life is not like the contest of the race-course; for in the race-course competitors

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of equal physical capacity are pitted against each other. Various classes of contests are arranged, so that the stronger will not be placed in competition with the weaker. No, life is not like athletic combats; life is like dangerous mountain-climbing, where each traveler must be fastened by strong cords to all the others; if one misses his footing all the others preserve him from falling; each thus adds his nerve and vigor and courage to the other.

God has created all men equal; but man has introduced enormous inequalities. There should be no castes or classes in society more than in the individual family. The grief of one person should be the sorrow of all; the shame of one person, the disgrace of all; the honor of one person, the just pride of all.

If the equality for which God created men shall be enjoyed by all, correct ethical standards must be adopted. Not "get money honestly if thou canst, but get money;" but "each for all and all for each." Not "the end justifies the means;" but "avoid the appearance of evil." Not competition, but co-operation. Adam Smith was mischievously in error in elaborating the principle, "Not benevolence, but self-interest will regulate men's relations for the general good." Professor Ely thoughtfully declares, "The Cre-

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ator of the universe, for reasons presumably wise, has made impossible an equilibrium of balanced selfishness among men." Selfishness is a monster, and soon forgets all others in the inordinate greed for gain. Love is the fulfillment of the law.

Man is not to be too highly honored if he has succeeded, nor too fiercely disparaged if he has failed. Gentleness and brotherly kindness will often find the success or failure in forces which come little under the control of the individual. Success is just as often an accident as failure is frequent. And it must ever be remembered that great men are always the resultants or culminations of many obscure men, who have laid foundations and made conspicuous achievements possible. Therefore, "we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." The weak men of one generation are often the giants of the next.

There must be some limit to the right of the individual to luxuries. The question as to what is justifiable consumption is not an easy one to decide. It is a principle of social economy that "each is entitled to as full satisfaction of his wants as can be enjoyed by all, and each has a right to as free a development of his wants as can be enjoyed by all." It is evident that ex-

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treme indulgence in luxuries does not add to the sum total of happiness.

"Every employment of labor," says Richard T. Ely, "which encourages the production of luxuries is a misdirection of social energy, an encouragement to society to spend its money for that which is not bread, and its labor for that which satisfieth not. Excessive consumption is necessarily wasteful consumption, and as such is necessarily reprehensible." As the brotherhood is more and more established, all will deprive themselves of superfluous luxuries, so long as any persons are suffering for the bare necessities and the indispensable comforts and opportunities of life.

If there would be equality, there must also be a limit to harmful consumption. Any consumption which is intrinsically harmful injures the consumer, and blights and curses the generations unborn. Much of the inequality among men to-day has been inherited from the dissipations of preceding generations. The vast consumption of liquors, opium, tobacco, cigarettes, etc., not only does not show any added happiness to our people, but deplorable indeed are the results in broken constitutions, blunted perceptions, and general disaster to all the delicate organisms of the human body.

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If men spent less for things injurious, they would have more money for the substantial and useful things which add so much to health, happiness, and culture. Ruskin well says, "The wealth of a nation may be estimated by the number of happy souls that are employed in making useful things." The farmer would better take his grain to the miller than to the distiller; and when harmful consumption ceases he will have a larger market and better prices for his grain, because the consumer will have more money to spend for the products of the farm.

The equality of all men will be hastened when each man becomes the custodian of the health, the happiness, the comfort, the morals of the other. Christ made this the very basis of entrance into his kingdom.

CAN POVERTY BE ABOLISHED?

“O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not the linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
But still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tones could reach the rich!—
She sang this ‘Song of the Shirt.’

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grizzly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!”

—HOOD.

“Men in that time a-coming
Shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow’s lack of earning,
And the hungry wolf a-near!”

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

CAN POVERTY BE ABOLISHED?

THE discussions of the two preceding chapters have prepared the way for the vexed question, "Can poverty be abolished?" The Scriptures answer with a positive affirmative. The rapt prophet Isaiah confidently foretells a time when among the blessings of the gospel "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." He says, "No lion shall be there and no ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there," and when this is fulfilled the lean and gaunt wolf of poverty will disappear. Isaiah just as specifically declares that it is the mission of truth "to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke." Surely there will be no place for poverty in that happy day of redemption from the yokes and burdens of sin.

In a special sense Jesus Christ is the friend of the poor. "He became poor," that all humanity "might be made rich." He was the first real

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apostle to the poor. John the Baptist's doubts were removed when he heard that "the poor had the gospel preached to them." The manger Messiah did not enter the world in the estate of the poor to reduce mankind to want, but that "ye through his poverty might be made rich." It is a doctrine of Christianity that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is;" and because Christ teaches economy, sobriety, frugality, honesty, caution, and faith, Christian men usually succeed in temporal matters because these qualities are indispensable to true prosperity. There will be no room for poverty in the world when there is plenty of room for Jesus Christ and his truths in the hearts and lives of men.

Poverty is the result of abnormal conditions; when causes are removed, effects will disappear. Christ has been misquoted as teaching that poverty would never end, because he said, "The poor ye have with you always;" and that was true of those people who declined to receive and serve him, and will be true everywhere until the Nazarene becomes the accepted teacher of all men.

Poverty is unnatural, and if it were permanent would reflect upon the benevolence of God. There is no poverty in nature; and when men respond as completely as the soulless creations

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to God's wish and will, there will be no poverty among men. I presume there will always be some dependents; sickness, infirmity, feeble-mindedness, and incompetency, loss of parents, and means of support will produce some pauperism, but when poverty is abolished this class will be greatly reduced. There is a marked difference between poverty and pauperism. Definitions are unnecessary.

Where does the great responsibility for poverty lie? There are twenty thousand persons in the almshouses of New York State. It is said that in the United States one in twenty is in poverty. In London one person out of five is in the hospitals, workhouses, or asylums. It is also declared by students that the dangerous classes are poor. Who is responsible for this lamentable condition—this fearful menace? Edwin Markham is doubtless right when he charges it upon the "masters, lords, and rulers of all lands." Influential society, statesmen, Christians, have been cruelly slow in taking up the cause of the oppressed. Here are the startling questions of the poet:

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;

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Touch it again with immortality ;
Give back the upward looking and the light ;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man ?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries ?”

Society has been unpardonably negligent in considering this serious subject; when upon its solution multitudes of lives and the happiness of many are daily depending. It is two generations since “the witty and tender Hood” made all England weep with his “Song of the Shirt,” and yet we are only beginning to get at the real sources of poverty. Nor can these distressing problems be solved by persons who have but one point of view. There is more than one great cause of poverty. Specialists have acquired the habit of disparaging and showing little interest in all other causes except what they consider the supreme cause. The socialist, the anarchist, the single-taxist, the trade-unionist, and the prohibitionist have made strong attacks upon the

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sources of poverty; but a great, massive, simultaneous assault will be needed for success. Brave, patient, capable men must strike for the causes, and remove them. Happily the couplet is not so true as it once was,—

“Rattle his bones over the stones!

He’s only a pauper whom nobody owns,”—

for many noble minds are to-day struggling with these issues of poverty and pauperism.

Professor Tucker spoke truly at Harvard: “The philanthropy which is contented to relieve the sufferer of wrong social conditions, postpones the philanthropy which is determined at any cost to right those conditions.”

If poverty would be abolished, practical help must be given to those persons who are overwhelmed with the problem of how to make a living. It takes more courage than some people possess to go alone into the battle for existence. Many young men enter the regular army because their subsistence is provided for; and since “it takes a man to make a soldier,” good warriors can not be developed out of such material. Doubtless many young women are led into lives of shame because they have not the courage to face the struggle for bread. I have been told by men in the liquor business that there was

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nothing else for them to do. It required little capital, and with liberal methods of adulteration it was easy to make a living. Then, there are the indolent and the shiftless who should be encouraged and, if necessary, forced to work. Man's right to work must be recognized. Fichte says, somewhat anarchistically: "Property is the result of the work of the ego; but if a man can find no work he need not respect private property, since in his case the State has not fulfilled its contract." But when the State prepares work for him, it will be the State's right that the man shall work. It is the duty of the State to help the shoemaker and tailor both out of work, so that each can make the articles needed by the other, instead of begging them or receiving them from the State.

Among the rights of men is the right to work. In one of his parables Christ represents a man as going out to hire laborers; and at the eleventh hour, finding men standing idle in the market-place, he inquires, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" They reply, "Because no man hath hired us." Realizing his obligation to these toilers, the husbandman says, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." There is a principle, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat;" to work is, there-

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fore, man's peremptory duty; and if conditions have been allowed to develop and prevail which make it impossible for men to secure work, it is somebody's duty to see that these men whose duty it is to work, and whose necessity it is to work, shall have work.

This is not inconsistent or inexpedient. If the unemployed man commits a crime and is placed in prison, we find work for him there, and why not get him work to keep him out of prison? If a man is taken sick, the State provides for him in a hospital; if he is a criminal, at great expense it feeds and clothes him. Why is not the well man and the law-abiding man entitled to similar consideration on the part of the State? It is not alms that men need, it is opportunity; and if the State or society gives a man opportunity, and he indolently declines it, then the law should place its hands upon him, and force him either to work or to starve, fulfilling thus the teaching of the greatest political economist, "neither shall he eat."

Employment bureaus, "clearing-houses for the unemployed," should be operated by the State, and the unemployed thus brought into contact with work which might be available, and, if private enterprises do not supply sufficient labor to give employment to all, then let the

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State or municipality have in process continually certain public works where large numbers of men can give value received for all they obtain; and in addition to these practical expedients, let the labor-colony idea be adopted. Australia, New Zealand, and Germany have successfully operated great farms where the unemployed have been able to secure profitable labor; and practicable plans may be adopted by which a man can secure a home with a piece of land, and live with many of life's choicest comforts. The man who is able to work, and who sincerely desires work and can not himself find work, is worthy of vastly more of our thought and interest than many of those with whom philanthropic and charity organizations are dealing to-day. Opportunity and not alms, justice and not charity, will help to solve this problem.

If poverty would be abolished, the State must always, to some extent, recognize the claims of the dependent classes, those who by death have lost their means of support, and those who have reached old age. It is claimed that old age is the greatest cause of pauperism in England, where it has been proposed to pension aged people. Then there are the improvident who seem to lack capacity to husband their earnings. The municipal pawnshop, established first in Italy

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by Savonarola, it is said, and operated in Germany, France, and Spain, has proved most advantageous.

It has been said concerning this problem of how to make a living, that "the science that will solve this problem will easily dispose of war, intemperance, financial convulsions, and a dozen other evils that now disturb the peace of the race." Here is a strong argument for industrial education and for a revival of the old custom to compel our boys to learn trades. The skilled workman is not afraid of the battle of life. To know how to do one thing well opens a happy, comfortable avenue for the citizen.

If poverty would be abolished great attention must be given to child-culture. Robert Owens fought his earnest battles on the proposition that "Man is the product of his environment." There is no doubt but that one of the chief causes of poverty is the neglect of the child life. "The boy is father of the man;" and how can we expect in the man what are not in the surroundings of the child? The criminal neglect of the children by the State produces criminals for whom the State will be compelled later to care. Our crowded city life is not giving the children much of a chance; their playgrounds are the streets and gutters. Unless the city provides play-halls

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and play-grounds for these children, their suppressed animal spirits will lead them first into mischief, and later to vicious tricks and petty thefts, and finally into crimes. The gangs of noisy and troublesome and cruel boys that are in evidence now in every city are the logical sequence and a living protest against not giving the children a chance. Much is being done for the children. Thank God for the public schools, and paralyzed be the arm that would strike a blow against them! Compulsory laws should be enforced. Savings banks should be established in every school. Gymnasiums should belong to every ward school. The public library is a mighty citadel for the education and protection of the children, especially when there are departments for the children. A good book in the hands of the child is often the inspiration of his whole life.

If we would abolish poverty we must cease indiscriminate alms-giving. The man who begs at our doors is unworthy as a rule; we give him money to allay our own consciences for not having gone into the fundamental causes which produce him. Thousands of men are being sustained in idleness and intemperance by the small donations of the many who "can not turn any one away." One of our countrymen recently

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assumed the garb of a mendicant, and made a profitable study of street begging. He put his arm in a sling, and well saturated it with carbolic acid. In seven days begging he collected seventy dollars. He got more from women than men, and much more from the poor than from the rich. He says many professional beggars have generous bank accounts, and he estimates that in New York City alone there are from six to ten thousand persons in the business of begging. Careful students place this as one of the three or four chief causes of poverty. It will be remembered that the prodigal son made up his mind to go home and become a reputable citizen "when no man gave unto him."

Before poverty can be abolished there must be a more equal distribution of wealth. The wealth of this Nation is calculated to be \$90,000,000,000. Of this vast amount it is said that one-fifth is owned by three per cent of the people; one-half by nine per cent; and less than one-third of the wealth is owned by ninety-one per cent of the people. About half of the families in the United States are not property owners; seven-eighths of the families own only one-eighth of the wealth; and the startling statement is made that one per cent of the families own more property than the remaining ninety-nine per cent.

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These figures are furnished by Dr. Spahr, of New York State. Manifestly here is a condition which will need the shrewd statesmanship of the most unselfish and brilliant citizens to understand and correct. Some fundamental changes must be made which will tax the courage and peace of the Nation. Let us pray that it may be accomplished by evolution, and not by revolution; and that the prayer of Agur may be some day realized for all, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." It is claimed by many enthusiastic supporters that the single-tax will cure all poverty. The most eloquent defender of this theory was doubtless Dr. Edward McGlynn. We quote his earnest words without stopping to discuss the merits of his argument. He said: "The remedy is neither violent nor unconstitutional. It is to assert the original, God-given right of all men to natural bounties. We must at the same time protect the right of the individual to that which he has produced. But this unearned increment, this value produced, not by the individual, but by the community, is a beautiful providential fund for the benefit of the community, by giving to the community that which is created by the community. The remedy, therefore, is summed up in the single phrase, the single tax; by the operation of which we would tax into the com-

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mon treasury the rental value of natural opportunities. We would remove all taxes from the products of industry, and thus stimulate production of good things. Strictly speaking, we would have no tax at all, but would take this fund, the unearned increment, to provide for public wants. This would solve absolutely the labor question; it would abolish poverty."

The slums must be abolished. Foul homes can not produce pure characters. The crowded tenement-house ought soon to be a thing of the past. In positive self-defense the city will be compelled to colonize the slums, and if necessary furnish free transportation from suburban colonies to places of work in the city. The submerged tenth need pure air and sunshine. It is now a generation since George Peabody furnished more than five thousand homes for the artisan and laboring classes of London, available at easy rental terms. In this is the practical suggestion of what can be done to relieve the congested sections of the cities. The Peabody fund has doubled since it was first given by the princely benefactor. Such benefactions are not alms, they furnish opportunities, and prove in the end to be a good business investment.

If poverty would be abolished, the saloon must go. It is the most prolific cause of pauper-

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ism and woe and crime. At the last Prison Congress, Mr. Eugene Smith, of New York, presented some appalling figures showing the cost of crime in this country. He says: "The cost of crime for the whole of the United States gives a total of \$200,000,000 chargeable to crime, of which \$105,000,000 is city taxation, \$45,000,000 town and county taxes, and \$50,000,000 Federal and State taxation. To this enormous sum should be added an estimate of the income lost in this country by persons who devote their lives to criminal practices. The number of criminals in the United States is about 250,000, and allowing \$1,600 to represent an average annual income, there is a total of \$400,000,000 as the aggregate annual income lost through crime, which, added to the increased cost of taxation, would give a grand aggregate of \$600,000,000 as the actual cost of crime to this country." Eighty per cent of this awful deluge of crime is directly traceable to the traffic in strong drink. It takes only three men to make a barrel of beer, but twenty-five men to make a suit of clothes. The citizens of Buffalo alone drank last year 628,000 barrels of beer. The workingman can not leave his hard earnings at the saloon and keep his family out of poverty. How true it is that much of the labor problem is the whisky

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problem! A brother clergyman says that he saw a body of workingmen, eighteen thousand strong, carrying through the streets of Chicago a banner inscribed with the words, "Our Children Cry for Bread;" and they marched to a picnic ground and drank 1,400 kegs of beer. Alas! alas! that while we are striving to reach the basal principles of this great social condition, as citizens we have not the courage to eliminate a factor which is so much in cruel and demoniacal evidence that many people believe that adjustments can never be made unless the saloon is destroyed. The whisky-traffic entails an expense of an average of fifteen dollars on each citizen of the United States, but pays only \$1.60 of that burden. In New York State the whisky business pays into the treasury \$2,500,000; but it costs the State to take care of expenses entailed by the business in courts, prisons, police, and charity \$17,000,000. Annually the State loses \$14,500,000 on account of the liquor-traffic. Is this not a great economic question? Again, in our State there are forty-five thousand liquor-dealers; one to every 143 of the population, and one to every thirty voters. In New York City there is one saloon to every two hundred people, and in the slums one to 129. I can easily forgive the temperance specialist for be-

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lieving that if the saloon were destroyed poverty would be at an end. All will agree that a vexed factor would be removed. The overthrow of this evil is within our grasp as Christian citizens; but we need to go about it as modern chevaliers who will not be defeated. At least our Nation will have clearer heads for working out the other problems of poverty if we shall have the courage to stop our fashionable drinking and drive the abomination of the saloon out of our country forever. God, give us men!

What a crowd of cringing cowards we boasted American citizens are showing ourselves to be! We quarantine yellow fever and the bubonic plague, and yet give the devil of drink the freedom of our cities and *carte blanche* to our homes; and the result is ruin and disaster, suicide and woe, imprisonment and idiocy, blasted characters and blighted lives, beside which black death would be a mercy!

Let us, however, not lose heart! We have lost many battles, but let us rally for success. When the French lines had retreated at Marengo, and the officers shouted, "The battle is lost!" the invincible Napoleon cried, "Yes, one battle is lost, but there is time to win another." So in these long struggles we have lost some battles, but there is still time for great victories. Under

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the banner of the Cross, with the Nazarene Carpenter as his princely Captain, the man with the hoe and the man with the pen shall win triumphs whose glory shall reach into the eternal. In the sign of the Cross we shall win!

THE SALOON MUST GO

“Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat ; they gave us poison (whisky) in return. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.” —RED JACKET, CHIEF OF THE SENECA.

“Ha ! dash to earth the poison bowl,
And seek it not again—
It hath a madness for the soul—
A scorching for the brain.
The curses and the plagues of hell
Are flashing on its brim—
Woe to the victim of its spell,
There is no hope for him !”

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE SALOON MUST GO

IN this great combat for the amelioration of men there is, as we have just seen in the preceding chapter, a stubborn stronghold which must be captured. In this war for humanity, which as a Nation and as individuals we must wage, and will wage if we respond to the law of progress and the call of duty, we will find in the liquor-traffic an ubiquitous foe, on whose strength we must reckon, and whose overthrow is indispensable to the victory which we are set to win for oppressed humanity. All measures for the elevation of men and the correction of wrong conditions will be greatly hindered by the infamous atrocity of the American saloon, as unique in its conception as it is devilish in its execution. The success of all theories of Christian socialism will be long, if not forever delayed, unless this citadel of the enemy is speedily taken.

A recent writer gives his observations on this

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point after a visit to two cities, where the subject is being illustrated. He says:

"Glasgow has done about everything possible for the workingmen save abolishing the rum-shops. She has erected for them homes in every portion of the city, which are rented to the poor at a nominal rate. Widows and widowers have two well-equipped homes, where they are boarded at almost a trifling sum, and the babies are cared for by city nurses while the bread-winners are at work. Penny baths are erected by the municipality in all parts of the city where workingmen reside. Municipal tramways take laborers to their work at from one to two cents. Municipal ferries take workmen to the shops for five miles down the Clyde for two cents. Municipal concerts are free for the workmen in the evening; municipal lectures free; free night-schools, with free courses in business and technical studies. A free employment bureau is maintained by the city to seek work for the unemployed. Almost without exception the city takes the part of the workingmen in labor disputes. . . . All this has the city done; but she has also licensed 1,746 grog-shops. . . . Forty-five thousand persons are arrested for drunken rows every year, and an annual average of twelve hundred women are assaulted by

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drunken husbands—one hundred and seven poor women thrashed by their husbands each month.

“For a quarter of a century Huddersfield has had the reputation of being a ‘Socialist city.’ While all the things planned in Bellamy’s Utopia have not been attempted, yet not a public function exists, save the telephone, which is not owned and operated by the municipality, and arrangements are now being made by the city for a municipal telephone service. . . . Nevertheless, the police statistics for the past five years show that during this period the total arrests have steadily grown; the arrests for drunkenness have, on the whole, slightly decreased; the number of saloons has remained substantially stationary, while it has been necessary to employ more policemen to keep order.”

The saloon should go because it defies the fundamental principles of economics. Political economy demands that nothing shall be tolerated which brings disaster to any number of our citizenship. Anything which thrives at the expense of the citizen, which does not contribute good for value received, is to be eliminated. It does not grant to the individual the right to own or support anything which shall be a menace to the public. Hence the mad dog and the contagious disease are summarily dealt with regard-

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less of the preferences of the individual. The saloon is a menace to society, and as such should be suppressed, because the logic of economics has forbidden its existence.

The saloon is a destroyer of physical vigor. Alcoholism is a crime against the physical man; it creates an appetite which controls and brutalizes man, and transforms him into an animal, living to satisfy its baser instincts. It carries one thousand regiments of our fellow-citizens down to death annually, and produces dementia and poverty. Dr. August Smith boldly asserts against the food value of alcoholic beverages, that "alcohol should be regarded as a respiratory poison, because it interferes with the interchange of the gases of the entire body by disturbing the normal life-processes of the individual cells." Dr. John Madden, in his recent book, "Shall We Drink Wine?" presents an unanswerable argument of a skillful physician against the food value of alcohol, in the words: "Spirituous liquors may be eliminated at once as having no food value, because they contain practically nothing but alcohol and water; we, therefore, decline to regard alcoholic beverages as foods." All authorities agree that the use of alcohol reduces the power of the system to resist disease. The saloon ought to go because it is an enemy of the physical man-

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hood of our Republic, and a permanent nation must have men strong in body to carry its heavy burdens and to win its victories.

The saloon is a despoiler of our youth. Our young men are sacrificed in hecatombs to the vile god of rum. The saloons are crowded with young men. When strong drink goes into a young man, then his chances for health and honor and success are soon reduced to a cipher. It is startling how soon an American boy succumbs to strong drink. What fond hopes have been blasted forever by the speedy fall of brilliant young men! One would think that the prosperous people of the Nation would arise like one man and annihilate the demon of drink, because so many of the sons of the well-to-do classes have been the victims of this frightful traffic.

The saloon is a defiler of morals. Honor, veracity, reverence, chastity, are viciously attacked, and theft, lust, defalcation, and moral obliquity are the consequences. The modern saloon is such a diabolical combination of drink and gambling and obscenity and impurity, that it is not possible for a man to be a frequenter of saloons and maintain a reputation for honor and purity. The saloon is made to appeal to his evil inclinations in so many directions that its door is a very gate to hell.

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The saloon is a usurper of political power. It dictates policies and controls caucuses and elections. What a travesty on a republican form of government has that nation become whose citizens like enslaved devotees obey the cruel behests of Bacchus and Gambrinus!

The saloon is a plunderer of the home. If the saloon prospers, the home suffers. If there are music and paintings and elegant embellishments in the saloon, these things are not found in the homes. The man who helps to keep up the saloon can not also maintain his home. The saloon is a cruel parasite, which does not contribute any good, but thrives on the destruction of its victims. There is one dead in every home in this land; and still we will not let this monster go! If we do not learn to protect the homes of the Nation, we do not deserve to live as a Nation. The home is the strong citadel of the Republic. In the home are the mothers; and a nation that will not defend the fireside and the cradle deserves immediate disintegration. The wives and mothers and children are the greatest sufferers by the saloon. Where is a nation's gallantry, where are its manly sons and fathers, if they allow the homes to be plundered by rapine and murder?

The saloon is a bloody-handed murderer.

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Recently in Berlin there were 146 suicides reported in two weeks, all directly traceable to the habit of strong drink. The saloon is an abomination of hell. It is the short route to death and disgrace. "The floor of the saloon is the roof over hell." It is the base result of the combined diabolism of men and devils. It is the dynamite magazine which will blow our Nation to atoms. The saloon is the council chamber of lust, theft, avarice, infamy, cruelty, and death. It is no respecter of persons. The brother of Chief-Justice Harlan was a poor, unfortunate inebriate, and was killed some time ago by a train.

Listen to this sickening alliteration! Are they not the hissing sibilants of hell? Saloon—sin, slander, salacity, shame, sickness, stealing, starvation, sorrow, insanity, suicide—Satan! The saloon is the rendezvous of all these evils. How well does Shakespeare say: "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let me call thee Devil!"

The saloon necessitates hospitals, asylums, poorhouses, and prisons. At least eighty per cent of the inmates of all these institutions are there directly from the cause of the liquor-traffic. Out of a penitentiary population of 1,361, only 122 prisoners were total abstainers. In the States from Maine to Pennsylvania there is one

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liquor-dealer to every 64 voters; from Delaware to Florida, 1 to 117; from Ohio to Kansas, 1 to 70; from Kentucky to Arkansas, 1 to 105; from Montana to California, 1 to 39. Verily, is this not an economic question?

The saloon is not an industry. Look at these reliable figures: In Pennsylvania there are 197 distilleries, 331 breweries, 15,360 retailers, and 100,000 employees, and the business makes a market for large amounts of grain. But while the traffic pays into the treasury of the State \$1,800,000, the State has to expend in supporting the victims which drink has produced \$76,000,000 annually. As stated in the last chapter, it is carefully estimated that it takes three men to make a barrel of beer, and twenty-five men to make a suit of clothes. This is indeed an important part of the labor problem. Let men spend their money for clothes instead of beer, and larger avenues of employment will be opened for honest labor. Shelley wrote long since :

“What are our liquor-sellers?
The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvest; and your squalid form
Drags out in labor a protracted death
To glut their grandeur.”

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The laboring man is the greatest sufferer on account of the saloon. In Chicago there is one saloon for every 217 of the population, as against one grocery for 377 and one meat-shop for 770 of the people. Fiercely did Ruskin write: "The encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of the profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country!"

The brazen effrontery of the liquor-traffic is appalling. It is reported that at a meeting of the Ohio Liquor-dealers' Association the following was uttered by one of the speakers:

"Gentlemen,—The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men are grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetites have been formed. Above all things, create appetite." Surely

"Hell is empty
And the devils are here!"

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At a meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, held in Philadelphia a few days ago, the Convention was startled by the statement of Mrs. Lake, of St. Louis, who declared that drunkenness was increasing among women, and that certain department stores in the larger cities were affording facilities for women indulging in intoxicating liquors.

Shall the saloon go? Yes, a thousand times yes! The affirmative answer comes from an outraged and disgraced and suffering people. But how shall it be done? By education, by agitation, by restriction, by enforcing good laws already passed? Yes, all of these are good, and must be systematically carried forward. But the saloon will never go effectively and permanently except by legislation. The principle of local option is practicable, and has to-day produced great results in Massachusetts, Georgia, Arkansas, and more recently in New York State. There are three hundred townships in New York that have voted the saloon out by local option.

The Anti-saloon League is entitled to our heartiest approval and co-operation. It is non-partisan as to political parties, and non-sectarian as to religion. It is said to have come into existence in a railroad train, when Archbishop Ireland, of the Catholic Church, and Dr. A. J.

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Kynett, of the Methodist Church, formulated its plans and purposes. It is speeding throughout all of the States, and is gaining in power and numbers. All religious people should study its methods and rally to its standards!

What a day will that be for the triumph of the Flag and of the Cross, when patriots and Churchmen shall forget all sectarian and political differences, and unite in a mighty, simultaneous, strategic assault for the overthrow of vice and the emancipation of thousands of slaves who are the sad victims of a Nation's sins and the apathy of the Christian Church!

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“Statistics tell us that the French population has ceased to increase. Last year the number of deaths exceeded the births by twenty thousand. How can we help saying that this physiological decadence of the French race, at least in certain districts, coincides with the progress which the same statistics show in the consumption of alcohol? We do not make it solely responsible for the phenomenon, but it must none the more be held innocent.”

—LE TEMPS OF PARIS.

“The frigid and temperate zones incite to gluttony and drunkenness. ‘If you would know what are the fundamental traits of a race,’ remarks Carlyle, ‘catch it and study it before Christianity and civilization have tamed it.’ Look at our race in the light of this maxim. Tacitus described the ancient Britons as having ravenous stomachs filled with meat and cheese, and heated with strong drink. Taine confirms the Roman from other sources, and the Venerable Bede avouches the statements of both. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Drunkenness is in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic blood.”

—MARTYN.

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IN the last chapter we challenged the right of the saloon to exist because it defies the fundamental principles of social science. We have seen that the saloon is a destroyer of physical manhood, a despoiler of our youth, a defiler of morals, a usurper of political power, a plunderer of the home, a bloody-handed murderer; and it is not an industry, but on the contrary necessitates hospitals, asylums, poorhouses, and prisons. What, therefore, are some practical methods for the overthrow of the cruel and destructive traffic in strong drinks?

God made the world for man, and sent man forth to subdue it. The struggle between right and wrong has waged from the beginning. God is good, and is on the side of right. Man is working out his own salvation, and is made strong by the struggle.

If the traffic in strong drink shall be exterminated, we must begin with the child. The children must be taught to abhor and hate it; to holy

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altars they must be taken, as Hamilcar took the little Hannibal, and made to swear eternal enmity against this bloody and powerful foe. Dr. Mason North, of London, says that the principal cause of insanity among children is the drunkenness of parents. In the home and in the public school the children must be shown the disastrous effects of alcoholic poisons. Through the persistent devotion of Christian temperance women textbooks on this subject have been placed in many of the schools, and much faithful instruction is being given. It must not be forgotten, however, that children are little philosophers, and very soon begin to inquire why, if liquor-drinking is so dangerous, there are saloons allowed upon almost every corner in the city. And many a boy grows up to feel that the fear of strong drink is effeminate, and that a man may use liquors with impunity. The open saloon is contrary to the schoolroom text-book.

Wines and liquors ought to be kept out of the homes. The fable of the frozen serpent is repeated in every home where alcohol is introduced as a beverage. What tragedies are enacted in polite society to-day on account of strong drink! Many a boy gets his first taste of alcohol in the very home where he was born; it is just as safe for him as to give him lepers for

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his associates. How short, sad, and shameful is the career of a dissolute American youth!

Total abstinence for the individual would destroy the traffic. Hardly a teetotaler can be found in the slums. No total abstainer ever occupied the inebriate's cell or a drunkard's grave. Rudyard Kipling's conversion to total abstinence occurred during his visit to Buffalo, and the reasons which he gave offer an unanswerable argument against social drinking.

Inebriate asylums for the treatment of drunkenness should be sustained by the State. Men arrested for drunkenness should be sent to these hospitals, and detained until cured; and if incurable should be deprived of their freedom. The present farcical method of sending the "drunks" for thirty or sixty days to the workhouse only perpetuates inebriety. If drunkenness is a disease it ought to be treated as a disease, and specifics ought to be sought for its treatment and cure. Because about sixty per cent are inebriates by heredity; and because, as one physician says, "Drunkenness is a form of insanity in which brain and nervous systems appear to suffer from paralysis and exhaustion," a man arrested for intoxication belongs not to the police court, but to the hospital ward.

If the ravages of the liquor-traffic would be

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decreased, there must be summary conviction and punishment for the drunkard-maker. Railroads and business houses are held responsible for injuries to human life; the druggist is subject to arrest and penalty for errors in his prescriptions, and why shall not the trafficker in death be held accountable for the crimes and accidents which result from intoxication? I hope the bereaved woman near Chautauqua, N. Y., will win her suit against the saloon-keeper who sold the liquor to her husband which occasioned his death a few minutes later in an accident. The saloon would have less money for gilded palaces and all their alluring accessories, if it was compelled to pay its share of the havoc wrought; and many men would now be working in chaingangs who, with lordly airs, are enticing the manhood of a nation to death.

While temperance people are employing destructive methods for the overthrow of the saloon and the liquor-traffic, it must be remembered that there are constructive and uplifting agencies that can be adopted which will successfully combat the vice of strong drink. The saloon has sometimes been defended as the poor man's club. Men have natural cravings for companionship, music, and amusement. Substitutes for the saloon should be maintained on

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our public thoroughfares. There should be coffee-houses, reading-rooms, amusement halls, drinking fountains, and lavatories; places of rendezvous for men, where the legitimate inclinations can be gratified apart from the baleful accessories of rum. Many of the saloons belong to the breweries, at least the large manufacturing corporations frequently furnish the capital to equip the drinking-places; and one reason why so many saloon-keepers are so devilish in their operations, is that they are driven to every expedient to pay interest and rents to those who have furnished their outfit. So should people of means endow places of healthful resort for men, which shall compete with the gilded palace and the doggery. Here is an opportunity for Churches and philanthropic societies to maintain institutions which will aid in driving out the saloon by introducing something better. If you want to get rid of darkness, just strike a light. It is well to call the attention of the people to the thunderings and the "Thou shalt nots" of Sinai, but it is just as much our duty and care to remember the "Come to me" of the Galilean mountain.

Then, too, moral and religious suasion must be used with increasing favor. Many a wayward boy and man is not beyond persuasive argu-

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ments. The power of God's grace has reached many a poor, fallen being, and some have testified that even the appetite for liquor has disappeared, as they have found the pardon of their sins and commenced a Christian life. Many men are now clothed and in their right minds who have been saved from a drunkard's grave by becoming active Christian workers.

It still remains true, however, that notwithstanding the excellent work accomplished by reformatory and preventive methods, the liquor-traffic will remain in this country until it is exterminated by legislation. It is often declared that the business can not be annihilated. Is it impracticable? Let us see! In China for three thousand years and in Japan for two thousand years liquor-selling has been prohibited. In Athens the laws of Solon punished drunkards with death, and in the Roman Republic no citizen was allowed to drink wine until he was thirty years old. The governor of Rupe on the Niger River in West Africa says: "Rum has ruined my people, spoiled our nation, made our people crazy. I have now made a law that no rum shall be sold. Any one found selling rum, his house shall be destroyed; anybody found drunk shall be killed." The business can and will be prohibited when a brave and earnest majority of the

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citizens of this Republic vote that this traffic shall die.

Local option has vindicated its right to be adopted by every State. In Georgia, 100 out of 130 counties enforce prohibition; in Arkansas, 44 out of 75. In New York State three hundred townships have local option. In Massachusetts ten of the largest cities under 100,000 population, including Cambridge, are successfully enforcing local option. It is now proposed in Massachusetts to add to the legislation against the atrocities of the saloon, the South Carolina or Norwegian dispensary idea, or something akin to these methods, to be applied to the large cities, where for the present local option is impossible. And why is not this sensible temperance legislation for every State and city? Let local option be applied to wards in cities as well as to towns and townships, and thus concentrate the evils. And, then, let some system of dispensing liquors be adopted, which shall eliminate the saloon with all its seductive and atrocious allurements. The Massachusetts plan contemplates that there shall be no private profits; the traffic shall be divorced from politics; liquor shall not be drunk on the premises; every enticement to attract men to drink shall be removed; the dispensary will not be fitted up as a gathering place for men; all of

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this being adopted as a temporary expedient, preventive, restrictive, and educational, leading up to the magnificent culmination of temperance reform when local option shall prevail, wherever a majority of the citizens shall enact and maintain prohibitory legislation. It is suggestive to note in this connection that Russia, having since 1816 experimented with various methods for the control of the liquor-traffic and the diminution of evils resulting therefrom, has recently returned to the State monopoly system. The special feature appears to be the separation of the volume of traffic from private profit. The evils of strong drink appear under this system to be greatly reduced, and the income from the trade aids in sustaining charitable institutions.

It is told that when the first iron bridge was being constructed in England, a jolly fiddler came along and said, "I can fiddle the bridge down." When the workmen ridiculed him, the Bohemian musician began trying one string and then another, until he struck a note in tune with the swaying movements of the bridge. He wrought upon that string of his instrument until there was a perceptible response from the wires of the bridge. He continued until the frightened workmen begged the violinist to cease, lest the structure should be destroyed.

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The liquor-traffic with its evils and allurements has found a responsive chord among the weaknesses of our Nation; and, unless it is arrested in its calamitous progress, disaster and death await us as individuals and as a Nation. Where are the Baraks and the Deborahs who will lead the hosts of righteousness to victory? Evil has always had the larger armies, but victory in the end is always for the cause of justice and truth.

The first Gordian knot was cut by a man, and he became master of Asia; those who solve the problem of the liquor-traffic shall become the benefactors and rulers of a world!

MODERN DEBORAHS

“Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—oftenest, God bless her, in female breasts.”

—OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

“Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England’s air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?”

—LOWELL.

“The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host.”

—DAVID.

“It is man who tries to apprehend God through his logic and psychology. A woman understands him better through emotions and deeds. It is the men who are concerned about the cubits, the cedarwood, the Urim and Thummim of the Tabernacle. Woman walks straight into the Holy of Holies. Men constructed the cross; women wept over the Crucified. It was a man—a Jew defending his faith in his own supernatural revelation—who tried to ram a sponge of vinegar into the mouth of Christ, dying; it was women who gathered at the sepulcher of resurrection.”

—JAMES LANE ALLEN.

MODERN DEBORAHs

AS we still further pursue the theme of the last two chapters, let us inquire whether women can have any practical part in the suppression of the liquor-traffic.

"Civilization," says a great writer, "is a good woman." Christianity emancipated woman, and women from the beginning have been devoted friends of Christ. Women lingered last at the cross and came first to the resurrection tomb. The Deborahs and Ruths and Esthers of the Old Testament were followed by the Marys and the Lydias and the Phœbes of the New Testament, and the centuries since have been ornamented by the religious courage and devotion of gentle women like Queen Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, who introduced Christianity into Britain; Jennie Geddes, who saved the sturdy Presbyterian Church to Scotland; and Barbara Heck, who was the foundress of American Methodism.

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As the Marys came 'mid the roseate hues of the resurrection morning to the tomb of our Lord, in their weakness and timidity and sadness, they inquired of each other, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" And, to-day, in the midst of all the terror and tears and death and devastation wrought by the rum-traffic, women have been sadly asking, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" A great barrier to woman's happiness and usefulness has been erected. It has increased in its dimensions until it threatens her security and imperils nearly all the most precious possessions of the ideal woman. Of course, this awful, stubborn barrier is the rum-traffic. Is there anything woman can do to assist in rolling away this stone? Is it a woman's work for her to be concerned and active in the overthrow of the liquor power?

Women have a right to be heard on this subject because they are among the greatest sufferers. Our present theory of government presupposes that the manhood of a Nation, intrusted with the right of suffrage, shall gallantly defend the womanhood of the Nation. Woman is the home-maker—the domestic factor. But here is an evil which is a constant menace to the home and a sure destroyer of marital felic-

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ity. Here is a murderous foe which can curse children yet unborn; which slaughters the innocents with a cruelty which out-Herods Herod; which blights the home with poverty, and reduces the wife and mother to an abused slave. Woman's pleading petition or piercing protest against the atrocities of the rum-demon ought to be heard and heeded, and will be heeded and heard when the American people shall have become as chivalrous in fact as they are chivalrous in fancy; when our citizens shall have become as gallant in their defense of their own homes as they have shown themselves to be gallant in the defense of suffering foreigners.

Woman has a right to be heard on this subject because the liquor-traffic invalidates the teachings of the home. It discounts fireside influence and instruction when the State legalizes and protects the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. The liquor business is utterly at variance with the principles of character as inculcated in the home. It is the mother instinct to defend her home and her children, and woman has inalienable rights concerning temperance reform which she must assert and will continue to claim until her demands shall be recognized by a tardy and cursed people. Our Nation will be compelled to choose between the

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saloon and the home; the bartender and the mother; the gambling-table and the fireside; hell and heaven.

What practical assistance can woman give to temperance reform? Of course, if she is a mother she can instill hatred for the liquor-traffic into her children. The plastic sympathies of the child can be directed against this curse; and I am convinced, if all children had devoted mothers, the mothers would win the victory in a generation or two. But it is alarming how indifferent some mothers are to this subject. A mother not long since flippantly said it did not make any difference to her whether there were saloons or not; it would only make her boys strong to have such temptations. All mothers are not stanch temperance women in principle and practice, and hence many boys lack proper home-training. Alas! that Hawthorne's description still finds some application: "The high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex."

Most homes would have no liquor in them if the women of the homes so decreed. Nowhere does the lurking demon of drink work so insidiously and diabolically as in the fashionable liquor-drinking in the homes. A woman's employment bureau volunteered the information to

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me, recently, that the domestic help problem is made increasingly troublesome and intricate by the drinking habits of the girls, formed and encouraged in homes where liquor is served on the tables. Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes demonstrated the ability of women to dispense with liquors at ceremonial dinners, and at times and places in which custom had formerly made peremptory demands.

Women can effect useful organizations to devise ways and means to prevent the ravages of the liquor-traffic. Much of the excellent temperance legislation in this country to-day is the result of the untiring devotion of women workers. In union there is strength, and all women united for an assault upon this evil could make the liquor business impossible in this country. It is a pleasure to speak in approval of the great Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in recognition of its magnificent achievements.

Then, too, woman can pray. Prayer is the power that moves the Hand that moves the world. An indifferent and skeptical and sinful world ridicules prayer, but "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Prayer is a force, an energy as distinct and powerful as gravity. A prayer-meeting was held in a New York State city, a few days ago, under

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the auspices of the temperance women, to counteract the influence of the annual meeting of the State Liquor-dealers, convening in the same city. The Woman's Crusade in this country in the seventies wielded one weapon only—prayer—and out of that pathetic and picturesque uprising of the choice women of this country the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized. The fanatical "Presidential prayer-chain pledge," started by an Indiana woman, by which was sought the defeat of one of the candidates for the Presidential office in the last campaign, must, of course, be charged up to the indiscretion and ignorance of an over-zealous friend of the temperance cause. But the blunders of well-meaning, infatuated devotees do not militate against the beautiful and divinely-ordained duty and privilege of prayer; and, remembering the power and influence of prayer, women are preparing for victory as they continue their earnest petitions at the altars of God for the overthrow of rum.

Just as the women of some of the States have demanded and been granted the right to vote on school questions, so the women of this country should universally ask for the right to vote on great moral issues. We will not at this time need to approve or disapprove of suffrage

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for women as a political right, but if there is any logic in school-suffrage for women, because the school is closely related to the home, and because most of the teachers are women, precisely the same reasoning can be followed with reference to moral questions. The drink evil is alarmingly close to the home; it has to do with the health and peace of the home; its blighting effects appear in the diseases and depravity and mental degeneration of the children; the wives and mothers are its saddest victims. The liquor-traffic ought not to be in politics. The saloon has no more right in politics than the hospital; whisky has no more right to be a political factor than the bubonic plague. Therefore, women ought to demand for themselves, and men ought to concede to them, the privilege of voting on amendments to the Constitution to control and finally destroy this octopus of drink.

It grows more and more apparent that temperance reform can be more quickly advanced if separated from partisan politics. Let the temperance people of all parties demand the right frequently to test the sentiments of town and State by opportunities to vote upon Constitutional amendments; and, because intemperance involves the morals of a community and the

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security of the home and the personal character of the individual, let the suffrage be extended to the women, who are, more completely than men, the custodians of the morals and homes of the Nation and the personal integrity of the citizens. Women have come to be important factors in the educational, industrial, and social world, and we will hesitate to thrust upon her political burdens until she shall ask for them; but surely the patriotic women of this Republic will be willing to assume further obligations for the moral elevation of the people. Women have shown their special fitness as school directors and as members of boards of charities and houses of correction. The destruction of the liquor-traffic would vastly reduce the burdens of sorrow and poverty and shame which women are compelled to bear to-day. The women of this land can make a determined assault against the drink evil if they ask for the right of moral-suffrage. In 1888 the women of Massachusetts, where school suffrage has been granted to women for some years, revealed their power by rebuking certain sectarian interference with the public schools. It illustrates what can be done in this country with intemperance when the moral forces unite for the destruction of the rum-traffic.

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There is philosophy as well as a bit of fun in the rhyme:

“If mother wus a man,
She’d stop the sale of rum,
She’d fill the world with sunshine,
And give everybody some ;
There’d be no need o’ goin’ to heav’n
To get away from woe,
'Cos if mother wus a man,
'T would be heaven here below.
How do I know?
She told me so.”

The first paper to publish the Declaration of Independence was edited and printed by a woman. The polished George William Curtis used to say: “There is nothing more incompatible with political duties in cooking and taking care of children, than there is in digging ditches or making shoes, or any other necessary employment.” A woman-hater asks, “Who built the cities and the railroads?” but a logical woman promptly answers the question by asking another, “Who built the men who built the cities?” Women have shown themselves as patriotic and as capable as men; they are as much imbued with the American idea as men. They have demonstrated their right to be heard; and when they shall arise in this country and boldly claim their

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right, under the established principle of government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, to be heard on the great moral issue of the influence of intoxicating liquors, their plea will be listened to and their request granted, and women will aid in answering their own sad question to-day, "Who will roll us away the stone?"

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES

“To return to the statement of Dr. Moran, made to me at his visit to my parsonage to secure my services for the burial of Edgar Allan Poe. The statement was substantially as follows: ‘Mr. Poe,’ said the doctor, ‘came to Baltimore on his way to Philadelphia to be married. He was handsomely dressed, and had with him an ample wardrobe neatly packed away in his trunk. Upon landing on the wharf from the Norfolk steamer, Mr. Poe was greeted by some of his old and former associates, who insisted that they should all take a social glass of ardent spirits together for old acquaintance’ sake. To these persuasions the unfortunate poet yielded. This was the first drink he had taken for several months. Sad enough for Poe; it revived his latent appetite for drink, and the result was a terrible debauch which ended in his death. He lost all his wardrobe, was clad in tattered garments, and had on, when found, an old straw hat no one would have picked up in the street. His appearance and condition were forlorn and pitiable in the extreme, and in that drunken and stupid state he was brought to my hospital. Everything that medical skill and faithful nursing could suggest was done for him, but all to no purpose. He was unconscious or delirious the entire time—some sixteen hours—with but one short interval, when for a moment reason returned; and during that short gleam of consciousness he looked at me and said, with great emphasis, ‘Dr. Moran, give me a pistol that I may blow my brains out.’ He suddenly relapsed into his former delirious condition, and soon died.”

—REV. W. T. D. CLEMM.

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AMERICA can not win in the next war without the young men. The hope of any nation is in its young manhood! The modern Achilles is strong, brave, cultured, but he is not invulnerable. He has his weak place. The demon of drink has discovered where to aim its arrows of death, and many magnificent warriors have fallen.

Jesus Christ, the young man Redeemer of the world, was a special friend of the young men. He made a wearisome walk of twenty-five miles from Capernaum to the little city of Nain, that he might stop a funeral cortege and restore a young man to his widowed mother. Christ would to-day arrest the processes of moral disintegration and death among the young manhood of the world, and, as the source of life, addresses them in personal appeal, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

The liquor-traffic pursues the young men. They are the most valuable patrons of the busi-

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ness. The American young man, vivacious, strong, prosperous, is an ideal victim for the whisky-dealer, and, alas! alas! that these places of death are filled with those who ought to be the hope of the Republic. Volumes can be written in telling the pathetic and heartbreaking story of what the liquor-traffic has done for the young men of this Nation. The saloon is furnished with elegant adornments, which attract the young men of taste and education; but O, what poisonous vipers lurk among these fragrant garlands! Yes, the liquor business pursues our young men. Witness the vast increase of saloons in Manila. A gentleman handed me a copy of the *Manila Freedom*, a daily paper published in the Archipelago, calling my attention to the liquor notices. I found upon examination that in this twelve-page paper seven pages were devoted to advertising, of which three and one-quarter pages were liquor advertisements.

The liquor-traffic is reducing the young men's chances for good positions in business. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, has secured the following data: Of 7,025 establishments, employing 1,745,923 men, 5,363 employers reported that they took into consideration the drinking habits of applicants for positions; many business-houses are demanding

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total abstinence. It is well known that many of the railroads are enforcing prohibition among their employees; and mercantile and commercial houses are not willing to trust large interests to men who are known to touch intoxicating liquors. It is well understood that an appetite for drink produces a moral obliquity, and that stealing, lying, and even murder, follow easily where alcohol leads the way.

I am ready to believe that beer is the greatest curse of young men to-day. The remarks of Mr. Lill, a great Chicago brewer, explaining why he did not rebuild his brewery after a conflagration, ought not to be forgotten. He said: "I found it impossible to keep sober men on my premises. The brewery is a manufacturer of drunkards in constant operation. The curse begins in the brewery itself, where every man is a beer barrel in the morning, and a barrel of beer at night." Dr. Albert Day, who has treated seven thousand inebriates in his Washington Home, says: "A large majority of the cases of inebriates which I have treated commenced their career of drunkenness by the use of what is called light drinks, such as wine, beer, etc.! I am fully satisfied that the use of these light beverages is the initiatory step of a life of inebriety." But why do we persist in offering proofs for what everybody knows

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to be true; the anomalous thing is that we allow this belching volcano to proceed with its deadly work of ruination and death.

Look at these paralyzing figures: There are in this country about 8,000,000 young men. Only five in every hundred are members of the Church; but fifteen out of a hundred attend religious services; seventy-five out of each hundred do not attend church. Where are these 5,000,000 of young men who are not found inside the Church? Of 182 criminals, 165 were young men; of 53 murderers, 45 were young men. Seventy per cent of the criminals of New York State are young men; and at least 100,000 of the young men of this country are in prison to-day, and 500,000 have been, or are now, incarcerated. In one hour 236 young men entered a saloon in Cincinnati. In a city of 38,000 population, 6,000 of whom are young men, on a certain Saturday evening ten per cent of the young men visited seven of the 128 saloons. The profanity and irreverence and dissipation of our young men, and their lack of interest in the Church of God, can be laid at the door of the drinking habits of our Nation. The bloody Juggernaut will go on crushing out the life of our youth until we remand this engine of death to oblivion. Pagan India long ago gave up the cruel festivals of

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Juggernaut, and the old idol to-day is visited as a curiosity; but O, how diabolical are the influences of sin, when a so-called Christian Nation maintains an idol far more destructive and deadly than that of any Oriental shrine!

How many brilliant careers have been clouded and prematurely ended by strong drinks! Diogenes, upon being presented at a feast with a goblet of wine, dashed it to the ground. When he was reproved for wasting good liquor, he answered: "Had I drunk it there would have been a double waste. I as well as the wine would have been lost."

I need not call the roll of the dead; but the modern young man should study the biography of Edgar Allan Poe, and weep over the untimely death of one of the most richly-endowed young men that our Republic has produced. The sacrifice of that one life ought to be sufficient to arouse the indignation and patriotism of our Nation. But, alas! while we lament "Remember Edgar Allan Poe," yet we go on adding to the atrocities of the liquor-traffic, because we do not arise and put an end to this powerful assassin.

A new story was recently told of Mr. Gladstone. When he went home on one occasion to rest at Hawarden, he was greatly grieved to hear of the dissipation of two young men. He in-

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vited them to spend an evening with him in his library. In the course of the conversation he appealed to them most affectionately to give up their intemperance. He then knelt down and fervently prayed that God would help the young men and protect them in hours of temptation. They pledged themselves for total abstinence. One of the young men in referring to the incident after Mr. Gladstone's death, said: "Never can I forget that scene! He was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion is now a Baptist minister in Wales, and neither of us ever afterward touched a drop of intoxicating drink."

What can the young men do to throw off this yoke of death, which finds more victims among young men than elsewhere? Young men have achieved notable successes in history. When but twenty-one years of age Washington was recognized as the "rising hope of Virginia." Henry Clay was speaker of the House at thirty-four; Stephen A. Douglas was candidate for the Presidency at thirty-nine; Alexander Hamilton took charge of the Treasury at thirty-two; Newton discovered the law of gravitation at twenty-five; Bacon was distinguished at twenty; Pitt was prime minister at twenty-five; Napoleon was a great general at twenty-seven; Byron,

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Burns, Mozart, and Raphael were all dead as young men; General Joseph Wheeler, who has just gone on the retired list, was a major-general at twenty-five. During the Rebellion, of the three hundred and fifty generals, four-fifths were under forty years of age. The young man force has always been asserted, and has been recognized as an extraordinary influence in the history of nations and in the turning of epochs.

The young men can end the crimes of the whisky-traffic when they organize for the purpose. Young men won the battle at Marathon; they saved Paris in the French Revolution; they made freedom possible to the American Colonists; they freed the slave. During the Civil War 2,500,000 men answered to the call to arms. Of these one-eighth were in the nineteenth year; three-tenths in twenty-first year, one-half under twenty-four years, and three-fourths under thirty years. During our recent war with Spain, I saw as many as fifteen thousand men in a single camp, and they looked like a lot of schoolboys. At San Francisco some Red Cross women were serving refreshments to a regiment just arrived from the Middle West, and when one of the ladies asked a soldier-boy how many lumps of sugar he would have in his coffee, he replied, "I do n't know; my mother always fixed it!"

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Verily it is true that our great soldiers have been the boys—young men of the country. They have won great victories in the past, and they can overthrow this greatest of all our country's foes if they will organize for victory. Where are the Godfreys and the Richards with lion-hearts who will rally the young men to their standards? This fearful desecration of holy cities and holier lives can not always continue. The sacrilegious Saracen must be driven forth; and just as the young men of Europe led in the Crusades of the mediæval years, so young men will occupy this noble part in the greater Crusade against the liquor-traffic. It will be a gallant defense of temple, of home, of flag, and of individual honor!

Nor is the day far distant when this signal triumph shall be won! The cries of a suffering world have been heard in heaven. Men are now a-building who will be equal to the great crisis! And the day will come in this now stricken Republic when the traffic in human lives and souls through strong drinks shall descend into the limbo where Negro slavery has long since disappeared!

With prophetic impulse Abraham Lincoln announced the coming victory, when he said:

"Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a

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viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged; by it no orphan starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest—even the dram-maker and dramseller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid its march can not fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day when, all appetites controlled, all passion subdued, all matter subjected to mind—all-conquering mind shall live and move the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail! And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!”

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“No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know
When here stands his country and yonder the foe,
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance at our banner floating proudly on high,
Then on, as the young lion bounds on its prey;
Let the sword flash on high; fling the scabbard away!
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain,
We ’ll come back in glory, or come not again.”

“Lincoln had scant sympathy for those who support and are supported by the liquor-traffic. In public and in private he denounced the whole nefarious business. This incident is significant of his attitude in the matter.

“An officer wearing the insignia of a colonel’s rank came in, and Mr. Lincoln was full of sympathy, which he shed like the summer rain ‘that makes the fields it hastes to bright and green.’ He drew his chair near the colonel, whose complaint was, in brief, that he had been unjustly dismissed from the army for drunkenness on duty. The officer had a good and gallant record. Lincoln knew him. He never forgot such a case. The lines in the soldier’s face told their own story of long and unrestrained indulgence.

“Mr. Lincoln heard the story patiently. He rose up, and, as was his habit when moved deeply, he grasped the soldier’s right hand in both his own, and said, ‘Colonel, I know your story. But you carry your own condemnation in your face.’

“The tears were in his voice, and to the soldier, who walked out without a word, Lincoln appeared like a slice of the day of judgment. The only comment the President made subsequently to me was, ‘I dare not restore this man to his rank and give him charge of one thousand men when he puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.’ ”

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WHAT about the selling of beers and wines in the army canteens? General Stonewall Jackson once ordered a guard to burn a whisky warehouse, declaring that he feared it more than the Federal army. The best soldier is a sober soldier!

Recently the brewers and embalmers have held two great conventions in Buffalo. Alcohol and death are always closely associated; the beer-wagon is followed sooner or later by the funeral-car.

Let it be remembered that the canteen is a kind of exchange or store, where many small articles such as soldiers need are on sale. The question is not whether this canteen or exchange shall be abolished—for it furnishes a sort of club-room for the men, where they may play games and buy cakes and confectionery, etc.—but whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold. There are light, harmless drinks which can be taken for refreshment, which are not, of course,

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involved in this discussion. The question is whether liquors which contain from seven to ten per cent of alcohol shall be allowed in this place of rendezvous.

In March, 1899, Congress passed an act which was intended to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors in the canteens; but the law was misconstrued by the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General, and an absolute nullification of the will of the people ensued. All temperance people are now rejoicing over the gallant victory achieved in both Houses of Congress, which abolishes the liquor, we trust forever, from the army of the United States. But because our enemy is insidious and diabolical, and it is impossible to foretell just how soon we may be compelled to fight again for the rights of our soldiers at the front, we beg the reader's indulgence while we introduce in this discussion some reasons why liquor should be forever exterminated from the army exchange.

Every argument against the saloon stands against liquor in the canteens, and many of the arguments against the saloon are intensified when it is sought to establish the saloon in the regiments at the front. What the *New York Tribune* says concerning the rum-traffic is no less true concerning liquor in the camp than liquor

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in the town or city: "A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters, which derives its revenue from the plunder of homes and from the defrauding of helpless childhood, from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it, can not claim the respect, and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement, of the community."

Recently Adjutant-General Corbin has attempted a justification of the liquor in the canteen, by citing two batteries on opposite sides of the harbor of Havana—one of which sustained the canteen, and the other did not. He adduces statistics to prove that the presence of the canteen reduced desertions and drunkenness, and increased the savings of the men. Of course, it would not be possible to offer an argument to meet this claim of the adjutant-general without visiting the two batteries and analyzing their surroundings, the character and age of the men, etc. It is said by men who claim to know, that although intoxication is frequent at the canteens, yet the men are not arrested because they can be

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easily taken to their quarters by their comrades. Before the adjutant-general's statements can be received as conclusive, we ought to have a communication from the officer in charge of the battery where the canteen was forbidden, for such explanations as a person there on the ground only could make. Because the temperance commander is not reported to have immediately introduced the canteen into his battery, it seems to us that the edge of the adjutant-general's argument is removed.

Let us examine the testimony concerning the deleterious influence of intoxicating liquors in the post and camp exchanges. The strenuous opposition of Major-General Miles is well understood. In one of his general orders during the war in Cuba he said: "The history of other armies has demonstrated that in a hot climate abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks is essential to continued health and efficiency."

Major-General Shafter said on July 30, 1898: "I have always been strongly opposed to the canteen system or the sale of intoxicating drinks of any kind on military reservations; and have opposed it until absolutely overruled and required to establish a canteen at my post. I regard it as demoralizing to the men, besides impairing seri-

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ously their efficiency. There are always, in every regiment, a number of men that will under any circumstances get and drink liquor; but the great majority are temperate, abstemious men; and it is to these that the evil effect of the post exchange system works the greatest injury; as young men, who would not think of going away from the post for liquor, will, when it is placed before them and every inducement offered them to purchase, do so, and thus gradually acquire habits of intemperance. The plea that it furnishes a large sum, which it does, to improve the table fare of the men, is, in my opinion, a very poor one, as the Government of the United States is perfectly able to feed its men without any assistance from the profits of rum-selling. I have absolutely prohibited the sale of liquor or the opening of saloons in the city of Santiago, and have refused permission for cargoes of beer to come from the States here. I think that the necessity of refraining from drink is fully realized by all the men, and of their own accord they would refrain from drinking."

Major-General O. O. Howard said just before the Spanish War: "Ever since the prospect of sending an army to our Southern border, and probably to Cuba, has been made apparent to me, my mind has reverted to the necessity of

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letting every officer and soldier know that alcohol will not help the digestion, and that alcoholic drinks will be the best possible means to produce unfitness for service, unfitness to endure the miasma of swamps and the dangers from yellow fever." General Kitchener testified that during the Soudan campaign, the victories of the men and the speedy recovery of the wounded were due to the abstinence of the men from alcoholic drinks. General Roberts, who is well known as a total abstainer, says that he believes there never was a more temperate army than the one he led to Modder River and Bloemfontein; he attributes the endurance of the men to their abstinence from liquors.

A soldier in the Boer army in the following strong words approves of the regulations of his country concerning liquor-drinking in the army: "In the Boer army liquor-drinking has been prohibited from the beginning, and smuggling prevented as much as possible. The rule worked well. Our men have been in the saddle hundreds of miles at a stretch and in all sorts of weather, yet none 'caved in.' We had no hygienic uniforms, many had not even warm overcoats, yet the cold nights and hot days did not hurt the men. I have asked many medical men about the matter, and nearly all attributed the

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remarkable physical endurance of the Boers to their abstemiousness. It has been said that liquors will assist one in bearing fatigue. Not a word of it is true."

Lord Wolseley recently said: "It was once my privilege to lead a fighting brigade through a wild, uninhabited region for a distance of six hundred miles. All ranks had to work hard every day and all day, from sunrise to dark. We carried no intoxicating liquor with us, and none was obtainable on the way. I never had a sick man, and all crime, even the most trivial offenses, was unknown. Had liquors been obtainable, I am certain I could not have reached my destination with a fighting force in the splendid condition it was in when we marched into Fort Garry in 1870. The horrid practice of treating friends to do them honor is a most pernicious custom, which directly leads to and encourages intemperance. We are now about to welcome home a large number of our finest soldiers from South Africa. My affection for those among whom I have passed my life makes me plead for them with others who do not know their good sterling qualities as well as I do, and to beg that none may offer them drink, which, if indulged in, can not fail to interfere more or less with their future prospects in civil life."

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When our army was in camp at Tampa, a gentleman visited two regiments just after pay-day. One regiment had a canteen, the other did not. The regiment with the canteen had sixty-three men in the guard-house; the regiment without a canteen had just one man in the guard-house, and he was there because he had patronized the canteen of the other regiment.

A few months ago a brilliant young officer who had charge of the canteen accounts at the Presidio at San Francisco, fell a victim to the liquors he was constantly handling, and was dismissed from the service in disgrace. At Camp Alger, near Washington City, Major-General Graham issued an order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks within the camp. During the recent war disgraceful scenes were frequently occurring; drunken brawls and riots among the men, and sometimes among the officers. In 1861 Congress passed a law preventing intoxicating liquors being sold to soldiers in the District of Columbia, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

If liquor is not good for the American navy, how can it be of any advantage to the American army? After a long and careful test, liquors have been abolished from the English army. Chaplain O. J. Nave, of the United States army,

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after thirteen years of experience with liquors in the canteens at army posts, makes the severest arraignment of the army canteen which has been published, and surely ought to close the argument forever. He describes his contact with the liquor canteen in three army posts. He says the soldiers were frequently in a maudlin condition; that his religious services were often seriously disturbed by the carousing crowd in the canteen not far away taking up the religious music and mingling with the songs their blasphemous curses. Twice soldiers under the influence of the liquor drunk in the canteen killed their comrades. The chaplain concludes by saying: "Regulation is theoretical, not practical. It is the ideal canteen that is being exploited. The actual thing is altogether a different thing. We hear among the friends of the canteen much about 'young men's club,' but it is a young men's club run so as to satisfy the young men, not what every father and mother would create for their sons. It is a debauching, ruining menace to every young man who enters the army. It is a co-operative saloon, created by the Government, fostered by it, and commended to the young man just from the restraining influences of home, at the weakest period of his life, as his club."

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The army of the United States is made up of young men. As was stated in the last chapter, one-half of the soldiers of the Civil War were under twenty-four years of age, and three-fourths were under thirty years. As General Shafter truly says, the large majority are temperate and abstemious—they have not formed drinking habits; but they are subjected to extraordinary temptations by the canteen; it is a part of the spirit of the regiment to patronize the canteen, and thus contribute to improved table-fare; they are denounced and derided if they enjoy the better food and have not shared in the expense. If our Nation's soldiers were old men and confirmed in their drinking habits, the canteen would not be so demoralizing; but whole companies of the volunteers in the last war were composed of splendid boys, well and carefully trained. When the United States Government permits the canteen, it forms a partnership with a colossal evil much more disastrous to the lives and morals of her soldiers than the fiercest foe that our armies have ever met on the bloodiest battle-fields!

I have no apology to make for this somewhat vehement arraignment of the canteen. Our plea is in behalf of the soldier, who away from home and friends is subjected to extraordinary temptations; and because our country's de-

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fenders should be men of clear vision, steady nerve, and sturdy characters. As Bayard Taylor wrote long ago:

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

What, then, is sensible temperance? From the experience of many years and many nations, alcohol as a beverage is a curse. All beverages share in the curse, whether the percentage of alcohol be large or small. Beer is our greatest national curse, because it is training men into alcoholic habits who could not be induced to begin with gin or whisky. Just as there is no sensible use for small-pox or for the bubonic plague, so there is no sensible use for intoxicating beverages.

The great moral business of the American Republic to-day is to suppress and destroy the rum-traffic. Here is a problem for statesmen. If we would do good it must be done in the right way. Doing good in the wrong way usually results in harm. We are ready to forgive any impatient and outraged spirits who grow fanatical on the subject of how to destroy this demon, and yet we realize that this great problem can not be solved by people who lose their heads. The sturdy, robust, virile citizenship must come

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forth; men must, for the sake of God and patriotism, and for the sake of suffering humanity and victimized fellow-beings, forget sectarian differences and political antagonisms, and, outside of creeds and platforms, meet as they do in times of war, and organize a crusade against this great common foe. We must wage a war of unconditional surrender. First concentrate the enemy, compel him to retreat into his habitations of darkness and death; and then, by force and strategy, the power of men and the help of God, finally forever destroy the most colossal and fiendish conspiracy for the debasement of the human family that was ever concocted in the habitations of hell!

*AMERICA'S NEW MISSION AND
OPPORTUNITY*

“The sword, after all, is but a hideous flash in the darkness ; right is an eternal ray.” —VICTOR HUGO.

“I do not know why, in the year 1899, this Republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here, and they could not be kept away. Many who were impatient for the conflict a year ago, apparently heedless of its larger results, are the first to cry out against the far-reaching consequences of their own acts. Those of us who dreaded war most, and whose every effort was directed to prevent it, had fears of new and grave problems which might follow its inauguration. The evolution of events, which no man could control, has brought these problems upon us. The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were intrusted to our hands by the providence of God. It is a trust we have not sought. It is a trust from which we will not flinch.”

—MCKINLEY.

“America is only another name for opportunity. It is God’s final effort in behalf of the human race.”

—EMERSON.

AMERICA'S NEW MISSION AND OPPORTUNITY

WE must hasten to wage an internal war against vice and oppression, for already the God of nations is sending America forth upon a new mission, and thrusting new responsibilities upon Church and State.

Imbued with the sublime idea of liberty, our forefathers left their native land and braved the dangers of a turbulent sea and met the attacks of frenzied savages. Then followed the Colonial and Constitutional periods. War might have been avoided if it had not been for a stupid king and an imbecile foreign policy. The long Revolutionary struggle resulted in the permanent establishment of the foundations of liberty upon the shores of this new country.

Then there came the internal strife, the spirit of liberty demanding universal acceptance in the Nation. It was the application to ourselves of the same principle, for the recognition of which

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by the mother country we had successfully fought a great war. In this so-called "land of the free and home of the brave" there must be unity and solidarity. Shall we proclaim ourselves free to the world, and inconsistently permit the institution of human slavery to disgrace and befoul the Republic? Shall America, after gaining a great victory for liberty over a foreign country, suffer disintegration and decline, because of internal disease which it was not able to expel or resist? The war of the sixties was, therefore, the logical sequence of the landing of the *Mayflower*.

During the four decades that have passed since the surrender at Appomattox, our Nation has been busy developing the superstructures of liberty and inculcating the broadest principles of freedom; and, satisfied with our own broad land, we did not dream of any larger mission. Suddenly we found ourselves in the new rôle of defender and propagator of liberty. Until two years since our obligations were bounded by two great oceans, and we did not conceive it to be our duty to spread the mystic influence of freedom beyond the borders of our own possessions. But when, a few months ago, there came from a beleaguered people, hardly a hundred miles off our Eastern coast, a pleading cry, "Come over

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and help us;" and when it was known that thousands of human beings were dying of starvation on account of the cruelty and incompetency of an emasculated government, after days of hesitancy and wondering whether the Stars and Stripes had any right to interfere, America gallantly leaped the narrow dividing sea, and, as a defender of liberty brought freedom to an abused and grateful people. It was a war for humanity, and introduced America to its new part in the drama of nations as a propagandist of liberty. The fervent utterances of Henry Clay are as appropriate to present obligations as if they were spoken yesterday: "I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty if they do not want them. But if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom; if they seek to establish it, we have a right as a sovereign power to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interests require. I will say in the language of the venerated Father of my Country: 'Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banner of freedom.'"

The victory in the war with Spain thrust new and unexpected burdens and privileges upon us

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as a Nation. As a natural sequence of the war, as logical as the war itself, there came into our possession the archipelago of the Pacific Ocean. The acquisition of the Philippines, with their eight millions of semi-pagan population, seemed a part of the war for humanity. Dewey's remarkable victory was anticipated. Spain had shown herself unworthy and unable to give a sufficient government to these islands; and there was nothing left for our country but to become the guardians of these neglected and oppressed people. As we receive the honors of that brief war, so we should not be unwilling to carry the burdens which that victory has laid upon our shoulders.

As exponents of liberty we have always believed in expanding our territory. During the Administration of President Jefferson, at an expenditure of \$15,000,000, that vast area then known as Louisiana, that is bounded by the Mississippi and the Gulf, and reaching to the Rockies on the west and to British America on the north, was purchased. Later, Florida and California and Oregon and Alaska were also acquired. We have been expansionists from the beginning; it is the genius of our Republic because it is the genius of growth. Whatever has life expands; the blade, the stalk, the oak; and if

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nations enjoy healthful growth, they must expand by the very laws of their being. In 1800 Spain owned nearly all of this hemisphere; but in 1901 not a foot of land did she possess. The last jewel to slip from her palsied hand was the pearl of the Antilles. Spain is contracting, and not expanding, because she has long since ceased to be a growing nation. President Grant once reverently said: "I do not share in the apprehension of many persons as to the danger of governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. Commerce, education, and rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam have changed all this. Rather do I believe that our own Great Maker is preparing the world, in his own good time, to become one nation, speaking one language; and then armies and navies will be no longer required."

In our rôle as a propagator of liberty we can not be indifferent to "the world's wrongs, the world's woes, and the world's wars." Wherever there are people struggling for their inherent rights, there it will be our duty and privilege to offer the encouragement of a Nation every step of whose progress has been contested by the opponents of personal and national liberty. Our duty is to give to Cuba protection and independ-

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ence. To Cuba and the Philippines must be taken our schools, our laws, our national opportunities, and all the privileges and care which the Stars and Stripes may be able to afford oppressed peoples.

And, furthermore, America's war for humanity has won for her a conspicuous place in the counsels of nations. In the bewildering crisis into which the world is now coming, the solution of the perplexing problems will be more easy and possible, because of the unique relationship of the United States of America to the allied Powers of Europe. The Philippines are only six hundred miles from the Asiatic coast. America has come "into the kingdom for such a time as this," and her constitutional and traditional policy of national rights and personal freedom will speed the day of universal peace.

If it shall be objected that the white man can not live in the tropics, and hence America has no call of duty to the inhabitants of the distant archipelago, it will be necessary only to quote from the experiences of that very renowned naturalist, Alfred Russell Wallace, who has spent many years under the equator: "The fact is that white men can live and work anywhere in the tropics, if they are obliged; and unless they are obliged, they will not, as a rule, work even in the

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most temperate regions. The most conclusive example is that of Queensland, the climate of which is completely tropical; yet white men work in every part of it. The scores of varied industries of a civilized community are carried on by white workmen without any difficulty, and with no special effect on their general health. This case really settles the question."

The obligations which have been thrust upon the Church are even more important than those which have come to the State. In the Philippines are eight millions of people speaking thirty-five dialects, who need to be educated, Christianized, and made homogeneous. These multitudes have been cruelly victimized by sacerdotal despotism and official rapacity. Upon investigation it is being found that Cuba was no more viciously and inhumanly treated than have been the inhabitants of the Philippine Archipelago. These millions are waiting to learn of a kind of Christianity which ennobles manhood, which honors and protects pure womanhood, which opens schools and cares for the sick and poor, and which transforms the multitudes into happy, refined, law-abiding communities. The Christian Church should pour its money and send armies of consecrated teachers into these beautiful islands, and reclaim a people who have

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been cursed by mediæval tyranny and corrupt ecclesiasticism.

We adopt as our own the eloquent words of President McKinley: "No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine. Always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization. I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me; but I can't bound my vision by the bloodstained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas,

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a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities, a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland, and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization."

If Church and State, working independently, but each under the guidance of the God of Nations, will assume these new obligations and prove faithful to these great responsibilities, blessings will come to the world which it is not in the power of other nations to bestow; and God will greatly magnify our Republic and strengthen our borders.

Expansion is not necessarily imperialism. Our duty to the world is to proclaim liberty, to give to all the inhabitants thereof our gospel of freedom; to teach men how to govern themselves. And so soon, under our tutelage, as the Cuban and the Tagal shall be fitted for self-government, our America shall surprise the grasping nations of the world by her magnanimous treatment of her temporary colonists. The

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God of Nations has called us to this mighty task, and the progeny of the Pilgrim Fathers will not be recreant to the great trusts which they have inherited.

“For we
Who scarce yet see
Wisely to rule ourselves, are set
Where ways have met
To lead the waiting nations on!
Not for our own
Land now are freedom's flags unfurled,
But for the world.”

*THE LAST ANGLO-SAXON
INVASION*

“The Anglo-Saxon is the only race that thinks by nations instead of by railway stations. Where the English-speaking race gets in, barbarism goes out.”

—FRANCES WILLARD.

“English-speaking people have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty the world has ever seen. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old home-land in North Germany, beating back the Roman legions. Our Germanic ancestors were the only people who did not bend the neck to these lords of all the world besides.”

—ALLEN.

“The days when Europeans will march up to Chinese troops in position, or in defense of position, and sweep them away like flies, will soon be over.”

—GENERAL (CHINESE) GORDON.

THE LAST ANGLO-SAXON INVASION

THE greatest Mohammedan mosque in the venerable city of Damascus was once a sacred Christian church. Over one of the discarded entrances, cut in the stone by the devout Christian builders, are the words, "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." The Moslem marauder has not thought it worth while to obliterate this prophetic sentiment. But this is the notice that the God of the ages has served upon all the Paganism and unbelief and sin of the world. Jehovah does not sleep; he works out his mysterious plans. Truth is not dismayed; the struggle may be long, but victory is the more secure.

These are great days through which we are passing. The old century closed as it commenced, with the clashing of opposing forces. The opening of the new century witnesses old and new civilizations in sharp combat.

As all the nations of the world are turning

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anxious faces toward the far East, and seeking to be represented by army and warship and diplomat, we reverently ask the question, "What shall be the mission of the Anglo-Saxon in these unexpected crises?" What part shall our own Nation play in what may prove to be one of the tragedies or triumphs of history? And what is the true meaning of this mighty uprising?

Who is the Anglo-Saxon, and what right has he to be considered in the struggle of nations? Civilization slipped down from the hoary highlands of Bactria into the lowlands of Hindoostan; it then moved westward, tarrying long enough to build its towers in Persia, its temples in Greece, its tombs in Egypt, and its thrones in Rome. Thence into the Germanic tribes and Britain it steadily made its way. Contemporaneously with the shimmering of Bethlehem's star, influences were started in Northwestern Europe by which the world was helped in its preparation for the Manger Messiah. At the battle of Teutoburg Forest in the year 9, three Roman legions were annihilated, and their general, Varus, driven to suicide. The successful march of Rome was thus permanently checked, and Arminius, the victorious warrior, became not only the savior of his country, but he made the Teutonic peoples the ancestors of the most

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powerful and cultured and Christian nations the world has yet seen—the Anglo-Saxons. One historian says, “In the blow by the Teutoburg Wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the germ of the surrender of Yorktown.” Charles Darwin wrote: “All other series of events—the culture of Greece, the Empire of Rome—only appear to base purpose and value when viewed as subsidiary to the great stream of Anglo-Saxon emigration to the West.”

There have been three great Anglo-Saxon invasions. The first, in the fifth century, when the Saxons and the Angles from the banks of the Elbe and the shores of the Baltic went over to Britain, expelling the Celts, the native inhabitants of this island, and laying the foundation for the magnificent English Nation, whose history, from Egbert and Alfred to Elizabeth and Victoria, has been the most remarkable for progress and conquest in all annals of nations.

The second Anglo-Saxon invasion took place when our forefathers, inheriting the fondness for freedom from Arminius and Alfred, sought on the shores of a new country an asylum where they could worship God as their consciences dictated. Here on our shores have been the greatest struggles of the years, and here the most influential victories have been achieved.

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We are now witnessing the third Anglo-Saxon invasion. I stood upon the rocky promontories of the Golden Gate a few months ago, and saw an army of invasion leave the sunset coast of our Republic for the Orient.

The new mission of America is but an enlargement of the old mission, "To proclaim liberty throughout all the land." It has remained for the people of these commencement-of-the-century days to read a new meaning into Bishop Berkeley's couplets:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is its last."

Our forefathers bravely followed the guiding star to the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, and fixed the western boundary of the new Republic. But the years pushed the frontiers westward until the sweeping waters of the great Mississippi were reached. And when at last, against the prophecies and expectations of American statesmen, the plains were crossed by the intrepid pioneer, autocratic and indignant makers of laws defiantly announced that the crest of the Rocky Mountains would forever remain the western boundary of the Nation. But

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westward still, steadily and gracefully, moved that point of light, until at last it mingled its silver beams with the golden glories of the sunset coast.

Once more with composed assurance the statesmen announced the farther boundary of America to be the embroidered strands of our Western States. And even modern magi did not discern through the crystal air of our western shore that the star of empire was not standing motionless, and had not ceased its noiseless flight, but westward still pursued its steady course. It was not until war-clouds had darkened our national sky that it was seen that the star of empire was fitfully gleaming above a Pacific Archipelago. As a Nation we are the creatures of that star, and we can do nothing less than recognize its leadership and keep up with its aerial flight; for some day it will belt the earth with bands of light, and the star of empire, which—may I say it?—is the Star of Bethlehem, will lead our Nation and the whole world to the portals of the King where liberty and light and truth shall reign in an eternity of beauty and perfection; and the star itself shall become a jewel in the diadem of Christ, to shine with fadeless luster forever and forever!

In this third Anglo-Saxon invasion England

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and America are most closely allied. Political antagonisms can not keep these two countries forever apart. Americans inherited from their English ancestors a love for freedom; the Revolutionary War was the logical sequence of the subjugation of the Briton by the Angles and Saxons. Had the mother country been a little less rigid in her treatment of her transatlantic progeny, the wars of 1776 and 1812 might have been averted. It was a blunder in statesmanship. Many English people believed with Burke, that "to prove Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself, and to deride some of those feelings for which our ancestors have shed their blood." And many citizens of Great Britain heartily applauded Lord Chatham when he said in Parliament: "My Lords, you can not conquer America. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots! If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never—never—never!" The success of the American Colonists was a defeat for a mistaken foreign policy; but it was a supreme victory for the true Anglo-Saxon spirit of liberty and progress. Some Americans gave Canon Farrar a window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the

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founder of Virginia. The distinguished divine invited Mr. Lowell to write the inscription. This is the quatrain he furnished:

“The New World’s sons, from England’s breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, from which our present grew,
This window we erect to Raleigh’s name.”

The mission of England and America to the world is a divinely-appointed responsibility. From his home in Britannia the Anglo-Saxon has moved in two steady streams, one westward, the other eastward; and the present great crisis in the far-away East will be more easily understood and solved, because, after centuries of progress in opposite directions, the Anglo-Saxon forces are about to be united in the Antipodes; and, for the first time in the history of civilization, the Anglo-Saxon has encircled the globe.

“Blood is thicker than water.” The significant and prophetic emphasis put upon this old saying by Commodore Tattnall has never been forgotten by America and England, and might be profitably recalled by the warriors and anarchists of the Flowery Kingdom to-day. When the Chinese made an unjustifiable attack upon the British fleet approaching Peking on the Pei-ho River on June 19, 1859, the gallant American

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commodore disregarded all the laws of neutrality, and hurried to the relief of the English commander, declaring as he did so that "blood is thicker than water." There are no ties so strong as those of kinship—blood-ties; by those England and America are united to-day; and, because of consanguinity and mutual principles and affinities, there is a providential union; and what God hath joined together man can not keep asunder.

Whether there shall be an alliance offensive and defensive between England and America, or an Anglo-Saxon federation, or an informal alliance, sober and trained statesmen must decide. It is certain that not only sentiment and affinity, but positive obligation to heaven and mankind rolls upon the powerful and Christian Anglo-Saxon the supreme duty of the hour, to form such a union as shall soften the asperities of the Eastern nations and open the Celestial Empire to the progress of the West, and at the same time preserve to China her integral rights and national unity.

England and America can give to the world a universal language—an indispensable vehicle to progress. They can give to the nations their customs and commerce, both of which are great civilizers. They can bless the world with mighty systems of education—common schools and in-

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stitutions of higher education. It is the mission of these Anglo-Saxon peoples to disseminate the principles of freedom. Of course it is true that some nations, as some men, can not stand freedom; they confound it with license; but there is ever a survival of the fittest; and if there are some victims, there are many more to whom larger privileges mean larger characters.

England and America must teach to the nations of the world respect for womanhood. The strength of the Anglo-Saxon race lies in the honor and protection which are ever accorded to the women. Then, too, these two magnificent countries are under obligation to take their religion to the world—a religion which in its conquests of love and light has won for itself the supremest place in the faiths of the world. Pagan nations are languishing for the truth and the temples of Christianity. Our ancestors in Britain would have fallen a prey to their enemies had they not by their conversion to Christianity added loftiness of faith to steadiness of nerve. What has made Great Britain and the United States increasingly strong is the need and the right of every nation; and it is within the power of these Christian peoples to carry the secret of life to the nations of the world.

Before many years shall have passed, Eng-

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land and America, closely and more closely allied, can dictate terms to the nations, and usher in that glad morning when there shall be universal peace and the disarmament of the world. Perhaps it is not so far away as now appears, when only such armies and navies as will be necessary to perform police duty will be needed on the earth. In the progress of Christianity that day will certainly come when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks!

Whether it shall be accepted as expansion or denounced as imperialism, whether political platforms shall defend or defy, this last Anglo-Saxon invasion is consistent with the movements of history, and is in response to the law of progress.

The slumbering giant of the great Mongolian Empire has at last awakened, and the uprising in China was but a fierce and bloody protest against the law of progress. Here are more than 400,000,000 of people who have successfully resisted the overtures of an Occidental civilization. The reader of Chinese history is filled with wonder and surprise. China has had its philosophy and religion, its arts and its mechanics, and yet, until within a generation, has been practically a hermit nation, refusing to accept the conclusions of science and to surrender a

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degrading paganism. For seven or eight decades self-sacrificing teachers have sought to bring the light of the gospel to these deceived people; science and philanthropy have endeavored to introduce treatment of disease and kindness to the poor; and invention and commerce have been aggressive until there are now 3,000 miles of telegraph already constructed, uniting all the nineteen provinces with the national capital, Peking; and 3,000 miles of railroad projected, a portion of which is completed.

China has had continuous authentic history for forty centuries. The first real character in Chinese history was the Emperor Yu, who ruled 2204 B. C. The Chinese are supposed to be the descendants of Shem, the eldest son of Noah. They settled on the banks of the Yellow River, and established a kingdom coeval with Babylon and Egypt, and before Abraham came out of Chaldea. They were a flourishing people before Nineveh or Thebes or Troy was founded; before Israel was enslaved in Egypt, or Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem, or Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer.

China has endured while all the great empires of the past arose and fell. While mighty and opulent and cultured nations have decayed, China has successfully resisted and defied dis-

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integration and death. Like the obelisk at On, it stands out in its majestic loneliness, the pride and the puzzle of the ages. The storms which have dismantled other nations have seemed but to have added fiber and endurance to the Celestial Empire. Their unique history has been disturbed by more than a score of dynasties and by countless revolutions, and yet this strange people include to-day nearly one-third of the earth's population. Instead of a people almost extinct, overcome by the decrepitude of age, they have appalled the civilized world with their cruel military operations, and have presented to the Occidental nations a problem for solution which will tax the wisdom and courage and patience of all statesmen.

The world is now in one of the greatest crises of history; a mighty epoch is being turned. Shall the Caucasian be dominated by the yellow race? Shall the Mongolian be exterminated? What is the imminent duty of nations? Is the Chinaman worth saving? And countless other questions are upon the lips of the serious student of events.

The present cruel uprising is Christianity's opportunity so to manifest its true spirit as that an entrance shall be opened into China which will do more for the civilizing of that people

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than all the grasping schemes of avaricious nations to divide this long-lived empire.

They are a reverential people. Their religion consists in rites and ceremonies rather than in doctrines and principles. The basis of government and society seems to be the fifth commandment—filial devotion. Obedience to parents and respect for old age are everywhere persistently inculcated and practiced. Herein lies the secret of whatever of virtue and permanency may be found among the Chinese. When a man reaches eighty years of age his name is reported to the emperor, and a yellow robe is presented to him as a mark of imperial respect, on the presumption that his life must have been virtuous or it would not have been prolonged. Ancestral worship is universal. All bow at the shrine of the past, and everything new is heresy. Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, which are respectively ethical, metaphysical, and materialistic, furnish the basis of the moral and religious life of the people. There is much in these systems which is admirable and helpful. The people have a strong religious nature, as appears in their superstitious practices, in their festival days, in their regard for the dead, and in the little shrines in the homes where tapers are ever burning.

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All that China needs to make it a progressive and useful nation is Christianity, with her institutions. They are a more promising people than were our ancestors in Britain before their conversion to Christianity through the preaching of Augustine and the graceful influence of Queen Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert. They have won their right, by venerable age, to everything which Occidental nations can do for them. Confucianism, with its negative virtues, and Buddhism, with its intangible mysteries, have been tried, and found wanting. May China not be the nation which is to be born in a day? There is a tradition that the Apostle Thomas carried the gospel first to China. As early as 1288, Pope Nicholas sent missionaries to China. The last century, commencing with Morrison and Milne, has seen much earnest labor in behalf of the Chinese, and the results have been most gratifying.

There is a God in heaven who has not forgotten the Chinaman. Far away, about the year 60 A. D., it is recorded that a company of Chinese envoys started westward to learn about a Messiah who they had heard had appeared under western skies. As they passed the borders of India they encountered a company of Buddhist priests, who persuaded them that it

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was Buddha of whom they had learned and whom they sought. Thus was Buddhism introduced into China, and Christianity was prevented. Perhaps the Celestial Empire was not ready, the fullness of time for it had not come. But they were not to be omitted from the constituency of the Cross. Hopefully does the rapt and optimistic Prophet Isaiah tell of the days when the Gentiles shall hear the gospel: "Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people from afar." "Go forth; to them that are in darkness show yourselves; . . . and these from the land of Sinim." Scriptural philologists agree that Sinim refers to China. It is, therefore, the duty of Christian America and Christian Europe to adopt such methods in dealing with the Chinese as shall make the entrance of Christianity more easy and speedy; and we will fail in the greatest opportunity afforded to the Church since Pentecost if China should be dismembered, its people destroyed, its provinces despoiled, and its national life ruined.

In an interview which a Methodist bishop had with Li Hung Chang, three or four years ago, the distinguished viceroy said: "Say to the American people for me, to send over more men for the schools and the hospitals, and I hope to be in a position both to aid them and protect

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them." Progressive China wants the institutions of Christianity.

The sleeping giant has awakened to find his country thus besieged by progressive influences, and in the present crisis there is one mighty effort to throw off the power of the foreigner, that China may return to the characteristic inertia of former centuries. But it is too late! Time and truth have been patient with this tardy people. No nation can build across the path of progress, and expect to be forever let alone. China must either allow transformation, or it will suffer annihilation. The Britons, who did not flee in the first invasion, were merged into the Anglo-Saxon, and contributed elements of strength to their conquerors. In the second invasion, the indigenous people of America refused to assimilate with the white man, and have been exterminated. If China adopts the demonstrated principles of a thrifty civilization, with its religion, its institutions, and its ambitions, it is destined yet, perhaps, to become a people whose history may go on when other less staid and settled nations shall have worn out with avarice and vice.

In this awful crisis the Anglo-Saxon must come to the frenzied Chinaman with overtures of peace. The yellow man must not be increas-

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ingly angered by threatenings that his massive empire shall be partitioned among the powers, but he must be assured of his rights and of national protection, if he will, with his colossal empire, join the sisterhood of nations and brotherhood of races, and busy himself with the employments of peace and the freedom and progress of the individual citizen.

“SEE IF YE CAN FIND A MAN”

“If thou findest a good man, rise up early in the morning to go to him, and let thy feet wear the steps of his door.”

—ECCLESIASTICUS.

“Freedom is recreated year by year
In hearts wide open on the Godward side,
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirling sphere,
In minds that sway the future like a tide,
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no codes;
She chooses men for her august abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to the dawn.”

—LOWELL.

“Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God.”

—BAILEY.

“Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
Still by himself abused and disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.”

—POPE.

“SEE IF YE CAN FIND A MAN”

WHERE are the warriors who are to win the victories of our next war? When the portentous clouds that threaten disaster shall break in fury over our Nation, who will respond? When the shrill signal of Sir Roderick Dhu shall startle the highlands of somnolent society, who will come forth armed for conflict? When the strongholds are assaulted, who will be disemboweled from the modern Trojan horse to demonstrate that invincible valor is still the heritage of these modern days? Men! As Goethe says, “Man alone is interesting to man.”

“Good God, how rare men are!” said Napoleon. “I have 13,000,000 in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two.” And, again, the great Corsican said, “I have 200,000,000 francs in my coffers, and I would willingly give them all for Ney,” referring to his great field-marshal.

In our Nation's crises there is a stern demand for men. As forth from the log-cabins of fifty years ago there came a type of manhood

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indispensable to this Nation in the hours of its greatest emergencies, so I believe that out of the more refined environment of these brilliant years, there will come an army of men, each of whom will be as much under the direction of the God of battles as was David the shepherd boy when he went forth to meet the garrulous giant of Gath.

This age is the student's paradise. The sky with its orbs, the earth with its rocks, the sea with its treasures, the air with its forces, are the exhaustless text-books of the investigator. Men lay their hand on the constellations, and leap into empyreal heights, and, seated upon the rim of the universe, irreverently scrutinize the very throne of the Eternal One, forgetting the advice of the great poet—

“Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule,
Then drop into thyself and be a fool !”

That man may not be emboldened into an arrogant and critical autocrat, let him study himself; it will keep him humble, and give him a large field to exercise his faculties.

“Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.”

The pessimistic Elijah, the doughty Diogenes, and the lachrymose Jeremiah have started a cry

See if Ye Can Find a Man

which may be taken up by this beginning of the century period: "Run ye to and fro: see now if ye can find a man."

What is a man? Socrates' celebrated pupil's answer to this question was that "man is a two-legged animal without feathers." Whereupon a rival philosopher plucked a cock, and introduced it as Plato's man. The ingredients of manliness are: Intellect and will, a head to think and a will to control and execute; honor and integrity, which are the only tests of real aristocracy; honesty and sincerity, by which the life is transparent and open and without sinister motives; virtue and convictions, a virtue which, for purity, will surpass the famed chastity of mediæval knighthood, and convictions which are deep and conscientious; courage, which keeps pace with convictions and purity, and which presses the battle to the very walls of the enemy, which fears no foe, and, in invulnerable armor, wages a ceaseless warfare; reverence, by which all sacred and holy things pass something of their divinity and charm into the human breast; and religion, an anchor to the soul which furnishes standards of right, and by which the noble man will square his daily life; religion which cheers us with its rewards, and warns us with its punishments; religion, with its faith in the

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unseen, and its cheering history of achievement and conquest. These are the qualities of a true man.

“Ill fares the land, to threatening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,”

sang Oliver Goldsmith long ago.

Civilization is but the increase of manhood in an age. Nations have grown when they could produce men, but have declined as manliness has disappeared. Woe be to that nation whose mothers do not bear men! Woe be to that people whose schools do not graduate men! National history is but the record of the achievements of men. Grecian history is the story of Pericles, Demosthenes, and Socrates; Roman history tells of Cicero, Seneca, and Julius Cæsar; English history of Gladstone, Shaftesbury, Wesley, and Farrar; while the American historian has no theme if you deprive him of Washington, Clay, Lincoln, Edwards, Simpson, and the Beechers. New epochs occur in the history of nations as manly men appear.

The first and final purpose of Christianity is the inculcation of manliness. From Pliny's letter to the Emperor Trajan, written a few years after the beheading of the Apostle Paul, down

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to this hour, pagans and bigots and infidels and agnostics have vied with each other in praising the manliness of Jesus of Nazareth. And he was the manliest of men. Christianity is known by its fruits, and the fruitage of Christianity is manliness. Growth in grace is but growth in manliness. A man is a strong or weak Christian according as he is a true and responsible man. Peter was weak, vacillating, and profane until he put on manliness; then he was brave, persuasive, and immovable.

All men, therefore, have their price, and are cowardly just in proportion as they refuse to be governed by the accepted standard of honor and integrity. Men are honorable only as they are good. They are brave only as goodness directs their movements. A bad man can not be a brave man. Moral courage springs from a heart in sympathy with noble moral standards, and a life in harmony with such standards. The price of Esau's integrity was a pot of porridge; and for fame, emolument, and position, many modern Esaus do not hesitate to barter name and character. Valor is not a garment which men can wear or not as they please; if a man is downright good, he can not be a coward. Goodness is valor; sin is cowardice.

I am almost ready to confess that there is

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more of truth and goodness in the world than there is of courage. We need brave men always, and especially to-day. Convictions are honorable possessions, but the courage to execute is often lacking. Truth will always need men to suffer and die for truth's sake; but, alas! courage even to sacrifice for truth's sake is often lacking. We are not fond of self-denial; we prefer the broader theories of discrimination. Courage to protest against fad and fashion, when these things disparage true character. Courage to say to the monstrous evils which are rampant throughout our Nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Courage to put our armor as knights of purity and temperance, and declare that the rum-power shall be utterly destroyed. Ah, what a world this will be when men are courageous enough to demand their rights and assert their power!

Every age needs a robust and stalwart adherence to, and defense of, lofty principles. The Jesuitical fallacy that "the end justifies the means," and that "it may be right sometimes to do wrong that good may come," confuses and demoralizes moral and ethical standards and disparages absolute goodness. If there would be virility and growth in character, there must be no compromise with wrong. The reason why

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declension of spiritual interest often accompanies increase of material prosperity, is because men lose their courage to obey Paul's vigorous command: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." I am sure Mark Twain was not as truthful as he was facetious, when he said, "Be good, and you will be lonesome." Of course, we must remember that "it is not enough to do good; we must do good in the right way;" and while we must use wise diplomacy at times, and "be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves," yet any compromise with evil will lead to sin. John Fiske is in error: God does not need the assistance of evil in working out his scheme of salvation. Jesus Christ ordered the devil behind him, and we would better leave Satan where Christ put him. John Morley's characterization of morals in England twenty-five years ago may be studied by Americans with concern for themselves to-day. He said, in his valuable essay "On Compromise:" "The general mental climate has, outside of the domain of physical science, ceased to be invigorating; there is a disposition to acquiesce in a lazy accommodation to error, an ignoble economy of truth, and a vicious compromise of the permanent gains of adhering to a sound, general principle for the sake of the temporary gains of departing from it." The

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dying Negro color-bearer exhorted his successor who seized the flag: "Hold de colors high! I neber let de colors touch the ground!"

Lord Rosebery's plea for Great Britain applies with equal force to America: "The first need of our country is a want of men. The supply of first-rate men is never excessive. The difficulty is to find them. How do we stand with regard to those healthy, hardy, frugal virtues which mean so much to a people? Whether an insidious and excessive luxury is not prevalent among us; whether the passion for wealth, its influence, and the worship it receives be not a danger; whether, indeed, our land is not becoming the playground of the plutocrats of all nations,—these are grave questions with which we are confronted."

Each age has emphasized some truth. Epochs in history are but the climaxes of truth. Greece may have stood for beauty, Egypt for life, Rome for power; and nations have passed away as they have ceased to accentuate mighty, living truths. Truth is life. Great men have held death in abeyance for years as they have kept themselves young and vigorous as truth-seekers. Truth is action! When men fully believe, they execute. The German philosopher, Heine, when a young man said to him, as they

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both stood before the magnificent Gothic minster at Amiens, "Why are not such cathedrals built to-day?" replied, "It takes convictions to construct such a temple as this." Yes, truth is personality! Brave men must be men of truth!

Rock-men like Peter and Paul and Stephen and John. Like Polycarp, who, at the age of eighty-six years, preferred martyrdom to a renunciation of his faith. Rock-men like John Huss and Peter Waldo. Like John Knox, of whom bloody Mary said: "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe." Like Martin Luther, who, when urged to alter his purposes, said: "Here I stand, I can do no other." Rock-women like Susanna Wesley and Barbara Heck, without whom either English or American Methodism would never have been. Rock-men like Telemachus, who threw himself between the combatants in the gladiatorial contests in the Roman Coliseum; thirsty swords drank his precious blood, but with his martyrdom the barbarous practices were ended, and the picturesque old structure, with a cross in the arena, is now a Christian temple.

When General Grant was in Paris, he was invited, by the President of the Republic, as a mark of special respect, to attend the Sunday racing festivities. It is regarded as particularly

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discourteous to refuse such invitations. Most politely was it declined, the general saying to his honored host, "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." Yes, rock-men who will stand like Gibraltar for their country and their God, and who, with the warrior of the poem, shall bravely announce:

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Every man, however obscure or conspicuous, who does his best, is contributing something to the increasing quality and stature of true manhood. It was somewhat humorously, but none the less truthfully, remarked, that after Daniel Webster's eloquent reply to Hayne, the Massachusetts men about Washington seemed a foot taller.

But what could be done if men were brave and incorruptible! If the pulpit were brave, how the walls of evil would be thundered against, and how influentially would the truth be lived and expounded! If newspaper editors were brave, and the business office were not so faithfully consulted before the editorials are written, what a mighty ally would the cause of

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righteousness find in the press of the land! If the rank and file of the citizens were brave, how the sacrilegious destroyers would be driven forth from sacred Jerusalem! If officers of the law were brave, how brazen law-breakers would repent behind prison bars! If mayors of cities were brave, how strictly laws would be enforced, and the policy of city governments be boldly declared as purification and law and order! If property owners were brave, how promptly would they refuse to have their buildings rented for unholy and immoral purposes! If grand juries were brave, how utterly impossible it would be not to return true bills against those who openly and defiantly infract the city and State laws! If petty juries were brave, how different would the verdicts be which are sometimes so promptly rendered! If the prosecutors and police and judges of our American cities were brave, how needless would be civic federations and law and order societies for the enforcement of good laws, and the bringing to justice of a vast army of vampires and thieves and destroyers! O, my God, raise up in our fair land an army of brave men—men so brave that even an approaching election may not intimidate them into a neglect of present obligations! O for a generation of political Daniels—statesmen whom

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the king's frown or the lion's den will not dismay!

“They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

All men can not be bought. The libelous wail of Horace Walpole has many noble exceptions. Knox and Savonarola could not be bought! George Jones, of the *New York Times*, to whom the Tweed ring offered \$5,000,000 if he would suppress certain damaging facts, spurned the gift!

John Walter, the founder of the *London Times*, could not be bought. He spent sixteen months in his younger editorial days in the Newgate prison because he dared publish some justifiable criticisms of royalty. He was finally liberated through the intercession of the Prince of Wales; and when, as a man of advanced years, he died some months ago, he was one of the most honored and influential men of Great Britain.

Phillips and Whittier and Lowell could not be bought, and many thanks to the latter for his lines:

“I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink the other half for the freedom to speak.”

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Abraham Lincoln could not be bought, but gave himself as the price of his convictions. William H. Seward could not be bought, and a grateful posterity has carved upon his monument, "He was faithful." No, cheer up, my fellow-men. All men can not be bought. Let us be among that number; right must prevail. Not the strong, but the meek, shall inherit the earth. Kipling puts it well:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

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“While Washington’s a watchword, such as ne’er
Shall sink while there’s an echo left to air.”

—BYRON.

“There is scarcely a man whose name is connected with the early colonization of North America that is not noble and memorable. There was the brilliant and unhappy Raleigh. There was Captain John Smith, a man with the soul of a Crusader. There was William Penn, ever acting in the spirit of his own conviction that the weak, the just, the pious, the devout are all of one religion. There was Bradford, the stern governor. There was Oglethorpe, with ‘his strong benevolence of soul.’ There was the hero of the Indian Wars, Miles Standish. There was Roger Williams, the founder of Providence. There were Winthrop and Endicott, the worthy founders of worthy lines.”

—FARRAR.

“I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.”

—WEBSTER.

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HAVING discovered the need in the Nation of men good and true to fight our country's battles and solve our country's problems, let us stop long enough in this discussion to contemplate the career of an ideal American citizen. Mazzini, in his brilliant address to the young men of Italy, said: "Love, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the word of God."

It has often been asked, "What made Washington great?" After the centennial of the death of Washington, we are viewing the "father of his country" through a perspective of one hundred years. It has been said that some of his contemporaries were at a loss to account for the greatness of Washington; it is because the world does not know its greatest men. Seven cities contend for Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread. By a cruel irony of fate, a stupid humanity has persecuted and despised and denounced and killed those truly

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great men whom a succeeding generation has sainted and adored and deified. This was less true of Washington than of many who have served their fellow-men.

"Of all great men, Washington was the most virtuous," says Guizot; and Green, who was associated with brilliant actors in the history of nations, declares: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." Washington Irving writes: "The character of Washington possesses fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man." It was a generous encomium that fell from the lips of that great Englishman, Lord Brougham: "It will be the duty of the historian and sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man." And long ago we have made Daniel Webster's words our own: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. If our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

Yes, Washington was a great man! He was a strong, brave, modest, righteous, unswerving, and absolutely uncompromising nobleman. He was a well-bred, well-trained, courteous Christian chevalier and gentleman. He was great, not by

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caprice or accident or environment, but because of the nobility of his superb character. Such a man is destined to be great whenever he appears. Such men make epochs; if the age is not ready for them, they build their own environment and do their work. We agree with Phillips Brooks, "The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character."

The towering grandeur of Washington was not the result of circumstances especially fortuitous. He was not hurried to an eminence of fame by inexorable fate. He was what he was, and accomplished what he did because of his honor, his fitness, his industry, and his piety; in one word, because of his character. Characters like his can not be suppressed; they challenge attention, and invariably achieve. It is not one Washington in a hundred years that the Nation needs, but a hundred Washingtons in one year!

The character of Washington was the product of two conspicuous qualities. The first was his love of country. Washington had a genius for patriotism. He was a brave soldier, and became a masterful strategist. Frederick the Great pronounced his generalship on the Delaware as "the most brilliant achievement recorded in

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military annals," and, in sending a sword to Washington, inscribed the following extraordinary words: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world." Washington was a statesman, an intuitive statesman. He had the prophetic sense, and was a man of profound wisdom. Patrick Henry, when asked who was the greatest man in the First Continental Congress, said: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington was unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

Washington was a statesman with a prophetic instinct. All great statesmen must be seers. Washington was a seer. That serious countenance, those serene eyes looked into the future with marvelously clear vision. He participated in the framing of those memorable documents that were forwarded by the First Continental Congress to England, and of which Lord Chatham declared in Parliament: "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that in all my reading and observation—and it has been my favorite study: I have read Thucydides and have

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studied and admired the master statesmen of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia.”

A study of Washington's State papers as President of the United States further reveals his character as an astute and far-seeing statesman. His Farewell Address is compact with wise counsels to his wide constituency, and is one of the freshest and most apropos discussions to be studied by those who are bearing the burdens of government in these days of our expanding opportunities as a Nation. It is easy for us to agree with Bancroft that “but for Washington the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him it could not have formed its union; and now but for him it could not set the Government in successful motion.”

The other quality that entered into the colossal strength of Washington's character was his devotion to God. He was a man of prayer. From the carnage of Braddock's field to his farewell words to the people of the Nation, his dependence and faith in God were often expressed. He was an active and consistent Churchman. After Braddock's defeat and death,

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Washington wrote to his brother that in this fearful battle he had four bullet-holes in his coat and two horses were shot under him, but "by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation." At the First Continental Congress, while others stood when the chaplain led in prayer, he knelt. At Valley Forge he won the victory first on his knees under the trees. In his first Inaugural Address he solemnly declares: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent Nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." In those memorable utterances, before seeking for the last time the quiet seclusion of his Mount Vernon home, he spoke like an Isaiah when he said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. Can it be that Providence has not

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connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?"

The Father of His Country received his early training from his devoted mother. He was a mother-made man. It was her loving remonstrance which prevented him from becoming a midshipman in his boyhood, and her counsels and prayers and love sustained him in his manhood. He nobly recognized her influence when he said, "All I am I owe to my mother!" Yonder glistening monument, as it leans against the eastern sky, is a beautiful memorial to a mother's infinite patience and perfect love! It is Washington's monument—Mary Washington's monument! His father having died when Washington was but a lad of eleven years, his entire training was received from his mother. How faithfully she discharged that solemn trust must be read in the radiant pages of our Republic's history. Mary Washington gathered her children about her, and prayed with them. She read to them daily from the Bible, and made them familiar with the helpful utterances of great writers. When God would make a great man, he gives him first a great mother! All good mothers are great mothers! Your mother, noble princess, perhaps unknown beyond the humble home and narrow circle of a few admiring friends, was a

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great mother, and, though unknown to fame, wears a royal diadem jeweled by God's own artificers, because she gave to the Father her best service, and taught her family to give to God their truest love. If a generation of mothers was necessary for Napoleon's hysterical empire, mothers, devoted mothers, mothers like Mary Washington, are absolute and indispensable factors in our Republic. In a Government "of the people, for the people, by the people," the mothers hold the destiny of the Nation in their control; "the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world;" the mothers are the country's statesmen!

Washington combined religion and patriotism in an unsullied character that shall grow brighter and be better appreciated with increasing ages.

He was an imperial republican, who had sublime faith in a democracy, and who could spurn the suggestion to make himself a king. He was great because he was not ambitious—because he recognized the Divine guidance. He was a God-man—a believer in the Deityship of Jesus Christ, on whom a mighty epoch was turning.

With George Washington contrast the career of the brief, brilliant, delusive Bonaparte. In his early life Napoleon seemed to be religious.

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I have indulged the thought that the great Corsican came into the drama of human history to promote its highest purposes. The most ardent imagination can not dream of the vast progress which might have been made for civilization if Napoleon had followed his God as humbly and obediently in Europe as did Washington in America. But Napoleon broke with God, and languished in exile. "Napoleon victor at Waterloo did not harmonize with the law of the nineteenth century." Men can not long successfully combat the Divine purpose in the age in which they live. The weapons of his early triumphs became soon the instruments of his disastrous defeat, and Napoleon is now but a pathetic episode in the history of a century.

But Washington, unlike his daring contemporary, heard the Divine voice and was true to the higher call. He recognized his dependency upon his God, and, forgetting himself, sought to obey his Maker and fulfill the plans of the Father of Nations so far as those purposes involved man's little enterprises; and Washington has won for himself imperishable fame that will increase in brightness until all things finite shall blend their glory into the radiance of the Infinite. From the lofty altitude of a stainless life, surrounded with the love and gratitude of a mighty

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people, with the serene words, "It is well," falling from his lips, Washington was translated.

In the language of Winthrop at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument: "The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our raised union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongue shall anywhere plead for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory and those tongues shall prolong the fame of George Washington."

"High poised example of great duties done,
Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed,
Saved by the men his noble temper shamed,
Broad-minded, high souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—Washington."

Let us go to his tomb at Mount Vernon; a holy shrine for patriots to offer themselves in full consecration to the service of their God and their country. He was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And with such a noble example will we not be

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ready to answer God's command and our
country's call?

“All must own the fatherhood of him,
Whose glory time can never dim,
All who can reckon Freedom's worth,
Would write across this whole broad earth,
With pen dipped in the sun,
The magic name of Washington.”

*THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY NOT
PASSED*

“I beheld
From eye to eye, thro’ all their order flash
A momentary likeness of the King.”

—THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

“Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land ;
And make the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory.”

—TENNYSON’S ODE TO WELLINGTON.

“Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond ;
The Grail in my castle here is found !
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider’s banquet hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

—VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

“Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be
able to stand against the wiles of the devil.”

—PAUL.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY NOT PASSED

AS we contemplate the intense struggles of the near future, victory seems easier as we are assured that the days of chivalry are not passed.

There are no chapters of history more fascinating than those which recount the exploits of the chevaliers of mediæval time. The institution of chivalry flourished from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. It grew out of the absence of laws to protect the weak, the brave knights taking solemn obligation to defend the innocent and the helpless against the cruelty of the strong. In those days there was no authority except the autocratic power of the feudal lord in his impregnable castle. Wide chasms had separated the rich from the poor, the strong from the weak. The wicked preyed upon the pure and innocent. Chivalry was the logical reaction of the vice and cruelty of those days,

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an exemplification of Newton's third law of motion, that action and reaction are equal and contrary. The ideal knight solemnly obligated himself to speak the truth, to succor the helpless and distressed, and never to turn his back upon his enemy.

“Who revered his conscience as his king ;
Whose glory was reducing human wrongs ;
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it ;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure ; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.”

He was brave, courteous, chaste, temperate, generous, and pious. When he was dubbed a knight, he knelt before his sovereign lord and received his accolade—a blow with the flat of a sword—and went forth to strike hard blows, when necessary, for the right. Chivalry was an anticipation of evangelical Christianity, and contributed greatly to the progress of civilization.

As we wander through ancestral halls, whose walls are decorated with broken lances, tarnished helmets, and battered shields, we naturally raise the questions: “Are the days of chivalry passed?

The Days of Chivalry Not Passed

Is there no longer a demand for gallantry, courage, and piety in the defense of the innocent, the beautiful and the good,—

‘When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight?’ ”

Chivalry had its crusades. In response to the fiery indignation of Peter the Hermit, all Europe was aroused, and magnificent armies, led by Walter the Penniless, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Godfrey de Bouillon, marched to the defense of the holy city of Jerusalem from the defilement of the sacrilegious Saracen. Western Christianity poured out a sacrament of blood, and the noblest men in Europe willingly offered their lives. The route of travel was marked by the bleached bones of the brave warriors, who could not endure the scorching sun, the deadly diseases, the enervating hunger, and the hardships of warfare. But those same highways were later the pathways of an advancing civilization, and the Crusades must be placed among the victorious defeats of history.

Are there no desecrations to-day which should arouse the spirits of men into such indignation as would create modern crusaders? See how the citadels of our Republic are being invaded by vice and corruption. Behold the

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sad plight of the Republic of Jefferson and Hamilton! Our cities victimized by scheming and corruption; our citizenship debauched and destroyed by vices which control legislation; and our boasted liberty-loving people being held in slavery more cruel and abject than the black man ever suffered in all the long years of his servitude.

Chivalry had its Knights of the Holy Grail. They confidently believed that when they had reached lofty standards of purity of life they would be assured of Divine approval by a glimpse of the glowing chalice used by the Savior at the institution of the Lord's Supper. The Sir Galahads of the age when knighthood was in flower should have, in these unromantic and materialistic days, armies of followers who should prove in their personal lives that purity is strength.

Chivalry had its Knights of the Temple. When Sir Godfrey had triumphantly entered Jerusalem and planted his banners upon the wall of the holy capital, he placed a guard of the noblest youth of his great army in charge of the temple area, where once had stood the magnificent structure built by King Solomon. These elegant young men, from the royal families of Europe, were called Knights Templar, and they

The Days of Chivalry Not Passed

took up their abode within the walls which inclosed the sacred temple precincts. Their proud and solemn duty was to protect to the death those holy acres from the tread of the infidel and pagan. It was also the honorable task of these favored knights to assure safe conduct to pilgrims who were making their way to the river Jordan for baptism and prayer. Their obligations also included the defense of helpless womanhood and unprotected homes against the cruelties of the heartless invader.

The days of chivalry are not passed, for Knights of the Temple are needed to-day to defend the Church, the home, womanhood and childhood, and our weaker brothers from the ravages and desecrations and vicious schemes of a ubiquitous enemy. The Sabbath, with its sweet rest and instruction; the Church, with its holy worship; the Bible, with its immortal truths, are all attacked to-day by infidel foes, as cunning as any Oriental Saracen. The home, the palladium of our strength and character, is threatened by organized vice. Knights of the twentieth century should be ready to draw their jeweled swords in defense of these sacred institutions upon which the future of men and nations depends!

The modern chevalier should wear the armor

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of light. In his hand he should wield the sword whose hilt is faith, whose blade is hope, and whose point is charity; his loins should be girt about with truth. Truth is the principal thing; for truth is mighty. A strong girding was indispensable to the ancient knight, necessary for safety and to stand firmly. Paul was the first chevalier.

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.”

From the darkness and dampness of a Roman dungeon Paul wrote to his friends in a distant city, “Put on the whole armor of God.” Though he was chained to a slave and the sentence of death was upon him, yet this eloquent Knight of the Cross exhorts his followers to be strong in the Lord and faithful to Jesus Christ; Paul is gone, Ephesus is in ruins, Arthur and Tancred have passed, but the truth for which they fought lives forever. And so, to-day, the brave man must stand for truth. God is truth.

“Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.”

The Days of Chivalry Not Passed

Man, and not money, is the unit of value. The modern knight must be first a man, and then must help his fellows to attain true manliness. An Oxford student has measured all the old armor in the museums of Europe worn by the warriors of the Middle Ages. He finds that the head and form of the average man to-day have so much developed that he can not put on the ancient helmet or wear the armor. This is a most suggestive discovery. And I am ready to believe that the average character has developed proportionately. But while it is true that the standards of manliness are higher, it is also true that the frightful chasms of vice are deeper. The modern knight must go after his weaker brother and save him. Napoleon transformed the beautiful motto of France, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," into "Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery;" but in the solitudes of St. Helena he confessed, "I have sinned against the ideas of the century, and have lost." And so will it be with all men who seek selfish gain at the expense of their brothers' good.

"Not what we give, but what we share ;
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

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As was said of Grady by his devoted friend Graves: "The grandest thing, next to the radiance which flows from the almighty Throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benedictions around the destinies of men."

It is reported that in an engagement in South Africa, the Boers were so moved by the heroic indifference to death displayed by a party of their enemy, consisting of two English officers and twelve privates, who, when their ammunition was exhausted, charged up to the very muzzles of their opponents' guns, that the Boers, casting aside their weapons, rushed in an overwhelming number upon the little squad, and dragged the men into their trenches. After they had disarmed them, the Boer commandant said, "You are free to go, and we will not reopen fire until you are within your lines." This is modern chivalry! We must defend our country, our temples, our homes, our countrymen from the ravages of evil, and, when it is possible, disarm our enemies by love.

The God of Nations is calling for men: Man, this "precious porcelain of human clay," who is "the glory, jest, and riddle of the world;" man, who is a "babe crying in the night, with no language but a cry;" this weak creature becomes

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almost omnipotent when he lays his hand on
God's arm and goes forward to conquest.

“ Mourn not for vanquished ages
With their great historic men,
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen;
For the grandest days are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest work of this whole earth
In the men that are yet to be.”

*A NINETEENTH-CENTURY
CRUSADER*

“How truly it is in man, and not in his circumstances, that the secret of his destiny resides!”

—GLADSTONE.

“Study the history of the American Revolution. That is an extraordinary history. It is highly honorable to those who brought that Republic about. In this country we have happily had to a great extent, and I hope we shall have it still more, what is called local self-government. That has been the secret of the strength of America. You have in America these two things combined, the love of freedom and respect for law, and a desire for the maintenance of order; and where you find these two things combined, you have the elements of national excellence and national greatness.”

—GLADSTONE.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY CRUSADER

IN our effort to measure the full stature of the brave men who are to win the victories of our next war and to gather inspiration for the inevitable conflicts before us as a Nation, let us place by the side of our Washington, the Great Commoner of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, England's Grand Old Man.

The perspective of the years is doubtless indispensable to the truest delineation of character. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men; but that Mr. Gladstone easily led the majestic procession of true manhood, was graciously acknowledged by even his stoutest opponent. John Bright upon one occasion magnanimously paid a choice tribute to his political rival. Speaking to a fond mother whose little son had never seen Gladstone, Mr. Bright said, "Take him to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon." A

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really great man belongs to all nations and generations, and this is pre-eminently true of William Ewart Gladstone.

Gladstone was well born. His father, Sir John Gladstone, belonged to the middle class, and was a successful grain-dealer in Liverpool. In that city William Ewart was born December 29, 1809. Sir John was diligent and religious, and a man of strong convictions and sterling integrity. William's mother was conscientious, affectionate, and devotedly pious. From such a secure citadel did young Gladstone descend into the battlefields of life. Unequal, indeed, is the conflict of that boy who does not have behind him a mother's prayers and a father's confidences.

He was well trained! Entering Eton at twelve years of age, he passed finally to Oxford, where he was graduated at twenty-two, having distinguished himself in mathematics, the languages, and oratory, and at his graduation receiving the double-first honor, an achievement very rarely won. His embarkation into public life took place the next year, 1832, when he was elected to the House of Commons from Newark, through the support of the Duke of Newcastle, whose son was Gladstone's warm personal friend at the university. In 1834, by the invitation of

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Sir Robert Peel, he was given a place in the Cabinet, where, from the beginning, he exhibited extraordinary capacity for statesmanship.

He was well married! At thirty years of age he wooed and won beautiful Catherine Glynne, of noble Welsh descent, who, through all the eventful years of the great man's career, was a loving and constant companion. Galantly did her eloquent husband say of her in a public address, "No words of mine will suffice to express the debt I owe to her." A beautiful illustration of her wifely devotion appears, when on one occasion in getting out of a carriage, Mr. Gladstone accidentally closed the doors on his wife's fingers; but she concealed her severe pain lest her suffering might disturb him in the great speech he was about to deliver. Eight children blessed their happy home. Their married life continued unbroken for nearly fifty-nine years. When the power of this towering Hercules is being estimated, the influence of his bright family circle, remote from London discords and Westminster burdens and antagonisms, must be granted a conspicuous place. In this Utopian retreat, now restoring his physical vigor by the heroic exercise of the woodman; and again, hidden among his fifteen thousand volumes, where, as an omnivorous reader and voluminous writer,

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he indulged his penchant for literature; and, at other times, as the priest of the fireside, sitting with wife and children, regaled by the fragrant incense of fondest devotion arising from each heart; in such a blissful Eden this mighty son of Manoah gathered giant strength for the sweeping triumphs of his public life.

After a while discriminating biographers and painstaking historians will tax their largest powers of analysis and expression as they write the romantic chapters of this noble life; and let none expect even to approach an adequate presentation of his thrilling theme who does not possess the rare combination of Boswell's devotion, Macaulay's magic, Parkman's pigments, and Bancroft's industry.

Mr. Gladstone was ambitious! But ambition is not a sin! Are we not urged to "covet earnestly the best gifts." He was not ambitious in the obsolete sense of fawning for votes. To a company of schoolboys he once said: "If a boy ran, he ought to run as fast as he could; if he jumped, he ought to jump as far as he could." We are all but children of larger growth. Mr. Gladstone practiced his own gospel, but there was an entire absence of grasping and greed.

He was busy and indefatigable! He did with

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his might what his hand found to do. In 1860, when installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, he said to the students, "Believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings." He possessed a taste for minutiae and skill in the manipulation of details. Besides caring for the multitude of duties incident upon onerous official position, he found time by retiring late and rising early, a most rigid regard for "the thrift of time," to write great books like "Studies in Homer," "The Church and State," "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," besides numberless pungent pamphlets and timely magazine articles, surpassing many men who devote themselves entirely to literature, in the productions of his trenchant pen. No man in England since John Wesley was so versatile and voluminous as Mr. Gladstone.

He possessed a lofty sense of justice, truth, and righteousness. Combined with honor and manliness, he was a strategical tactician and an invincible debater. His characteristic tenacity, when believing in the justice of his claim, ap-

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pears in that familiar incident when he presented to the Queen an official document, which, when she refused to affix her name, he said, "Your Majesty, you must sign." Victoria indignantly replied, "Mr. Gladstone, do you know who I am? I am the Queen of England!" "Yes, your Majesty," replied the Premier, "but do you know who I am? I am the people of England, and you must sign this document." And she signed it.

Another incident is said to have occurred at Windsor Castle, just after Mr. Gladstone's party had secured a victory. In conversation with the Duke of Devonshire, the Queen declared she would not have Mr. Gladstone back in the premiership. "Then," said the duke, "your Majesty must abdicate." Mr. Gladstone was appointed.

With prophetic vision Mr. Gladstone saw coming events, and prepared for them. He once said, "You can not fight against the future," and most of his great movements astonished England because they seemed premature. Prince Albert used to urge the young men of Great Britain to find out the purpose of God in the age in which they lived, and then fit themselves quickly and enthusiastically into the plans of the Omnipotent. Mr. Gladstone seemed to be

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almost inspired as he prepared his nation for the inevitable march of ideas. Those who ridiculed him as a fanatical visionary, in a little time after, as ardent admirers, were willing to adore him as a seer.

About the time of our Civil War, Walter Bagehot, in sentences chaste and somber, wrote concerning Mr. Gladstone, "War is often necessary." Mr. Gladstone had announced himself as uncompromisingly against war, and as profoundly of the opinion that all domestic and international antagonisms could be settled by the more Christlike institution of arbitration. Bagehot boldly enters the rôle of adviser, and counsels Gladstone to alter his policy, and use the processes of war, when necessary; and then ventures the prophecy that if his advice is followed, "Gladstone may leave a great name; but if not, not." Bagehot's essay, to-day, deserves a place among the curiosities of the antiquarian. Bagehot was blind where Gladstone's vision was clear as the noonday. Gladstone's greatness consisted in being able to think ahead of his age.

Gladstone's greatest achievements were won in plans for the amelioration of his fellow-man. He was a courteous and knightly exponent of the principles of human liberty. Shortly after his début in the Commons, he joined fervently

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with Sir Robert Peel in the repeal of the cruel corn-laws by which a heartless monopoly was terrifying and starving the people. From that day until the time of his resignation at eighty-five years of age, he made, not only England, but the whole world, indebted to him, by espousing and carrying forward philanthropic enterprises and wholesome legislation. Through his heroic endeavor, the burdens of taxation were removed from the toiling masses. He cordially supported the Geneva Arbitration by which war between England and America was averted. He secured the enfranchisement of the artisan and the peasant, and thus liberated the white slaves of Britain. He abolished the possibility of purchasing military promotions, relegating that ancient absurdity to the limbo of long-deserved oblivion. He disestablished the Irish Church, and by so doing initiated a movement which will not end until Church and State shall be separated in all the United Kingdom. He opened the great universities to students of every creed, and made the common schools available to the poorest families. For some years he was the courageous champion of Home Rule for Ireland, not hesitating to defend the unpopular side of this question even to the loss of the premiership.

He possessed strong convictions and daunt-

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less courage. John Bright asked, "Who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions?" No Roman gladiator ever stood more unflinchingly before his foes! Again and again did he bravely and unselfishly throw fame, fortune, and future into the wide chasm of the forum. But each time, as the breach closed, faltering friends and vituperative enemies rallied again to his side, only to become once more estranged as this modern Moses led this modern Israel nearer to the Canaan of a perfect government.

There was no stronger evidence of the superlative courage of this brave man than his ability and audacity to change his public attitudes as his convictions on great subjects were modified. Four decades ago one historian blandly remarked, "Mr. Gladstone is a problem; no one knows what he will do next." Not even his most prejudiced opponents believed that these alterations were to subserve the wily schemes of an intriguing demagogue. The honesty and candor of Gladstone disarmed such criticism. He says of himself: "I went to Oxford a Tory, and came out a Tory. I did not learn there how to set due value on the imperishable and inestimable principles of human liberty." When the mighty truth broke full-orbed upon his understanding, he fearlessly declared himself an

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enthusiastic Liberal. On the great questions of Disestablishment, Home Rule, Slavery, and House of Lords, he was diametrically opposed to the positions which he had once ingeniously defended. He never allowed his partisanship to obscure his conscience.

His deep convictions made him an orator. His inimitable voice, his mellifluous diction, his invulnerable logic, his bubbling humor, and his oratorical impulse were all valuable accessories, but they were only the graceful setting for a brave and brilliant championship of what he conceived to be right. Eloquence is thought incarcerating the soul of the orator. When the speaker gives himself with his words, then his utterances breathe and leap and soar and glow with life energy. Orators are not tailor-made! No machine can be constructed for the manufacture of a true orator. Eloquence pure and electrifying may be expected when some noble soul endeavors to persuade the idolatrous masses to leave the bestial worship of debasing images, and follow him by safe paths to trembling Sinais. Orators appear as men are willing to relinquish the quietude of Midian for the conflict and dangers and sacrifices of Arabia! This modern Moses talked with God and prevailed with men.

He was a defender of the faith. In book

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and magazine, in Parliament and on the platform, he manfully and logically and eloquently and convincingly protected the Church. In the House of Commons, in 1881, referring to the Holy Scripture, he said, "Guided by that light, the Divine Light, we are 'safe.'"

In all the mutations and surprises and caprices of English history during the last sixty years; in all the storms, fierce and destructive, which have crashed and roared, Mr. Gladstone stood, like Hollyhead Lighthouse, with a firm grip upon the Bed-rock of Ages; not free from mistake, of course, but entirely beyond the suspicion of forsaking his post of duty as a servant of the Most High. A few years ago he is reported to have said: "The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and for forty-seven years in the Cabinet of the British Government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master-minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

Mr. Gladstone's religious life was not characterized by a fruitless passivity, which has left his age in some doubt concerning his standard of ethics and his doctrinal belief. So gallant and aggressive was his defense of Christianity that

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some future generation will seriously consider whether he was not greater as a theologian and propagating apostle of Christianity than as a statesman and economist.

Mr. Gladstone fervently believed that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. When a Colorado college boy was being troubled with doubts, he remarked to his pastor that he would like the testimony of Mr. Gladstone concerning the person of Christ. In reply to a letter from the thoughtful clergyman, this answer, brief in words, but voluminous in thought, was received:

“All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race.

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

The mighty truth which has transformed the ages, built into this earnest man's life, lifted him into the highest altitudes of greatness. A Mont Blanc in the picturesque uplands of lofty human character, he was made great by the doctrines he espoused; and he made those truths more attractive by the adornment of his life and logic.

Choice spirits ministered to the old leader as he sat in the lengthening shadows. Genius, manliness, eloquence, history, poesy, and truth

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discoursed to him the music of a well-spent life. His declining years beautifully fulfilled the familiar lines of the greatest American poet:

“For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.”

THE OTHER FELLOW

“So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.”

—WILCOX.

“The hour is coming when this our holy church
Shall melt away in ever widening walls,
And be for all mankind; and in its place
A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not ‘Credo’ then,
‘Amo’ shall be the password through its gates;
Man shall not ask his brother any more,
‘Believest thou?’ but ‘Lovest thou?’ till all
Shall answer at God’s altar, ‘Lord, I love!’
For faith may anchor, hope may steer, but Love,
Great Love alone, is captain of the soul.”

—LIBER AMORIS.

THE OTHER FELLOW

WHEN the Twentieth Infantry sailed for the Philippines, a newsboy went with them, and was adopted by the regiment. When a charge was made upon the trenches of the insurgents at Pasig, he ran up the slope with the foremost of the soldiers, and fell with a bullet in his leg. When a blanket was brought to cover the pale and suffering little fellow, he said: "Never mind me; give it to that other man; he needs it more than I do." And when the surgeon approached him, he was waved away by the doughty boy, with the remark, "Go to those other poor fellows; they are suffering so much more than I." Daily life may be less romantic and more prosaic than actual war, but the most eventful warfare is the endless contest of succeeding days of struggle. There are no battles so hard to win or so paramount in their influence upon the progress of events as the battles of peace. "The Other Fellow" will be the shib-

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boleth with which we must win in the contests of our next war.

The wail of humanity to-day is the sad appeal of Gethsemane: "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sympathy, in its original derivation, signifies "to suffer with." It is spontaneous tenderness for those in distress. It establishes the great brotherhood of men. It has joy for the happy and tears for the sad. It gives solace to the rich, and alms to the poor. And since "the gift without the giver is bare," sympathy gives itself with its offering. Sympathy is the great lubricator of life's intricate and ponderous machinery; its absence results in wearing and grinding and disaster.

Sympathy is the soul of philanthropy. Some modern Pharisees give to be seen of men, but substantial humanitarian enterprises spring out of real devotion to our fellows. Some desultory work may be accomplished for the needy by persons controlled by fad and caprice, but systematic and permanent efforts must have the invisible backing of hearts of loving sympathy. Cicero, in one of his orations, apologizes for his interest in a slave; but so mighty a transformation has been wrought upon recent centuries that, to-day, sympathy for the oppressed characterizes all civilized nations.

The Other Fellow

The great Leland Stanford, Jr., University would never have been had not the soul of a rich man been touched, through his own great sorrow, into deep sympathy for the multitudes of bereaved ones about him. Sympathy will awaken from lethargy the better natures of men. There are always some chords in the hearts of even the most degenerate of men which will respond. Severity, punishment, ostracism may all fail, but sincere sympathy gains an entrance into the invisible citadel. Gough and Moody were won for sobriety and righteousness by sympathy; and a mighty army of upright and useful men.

Cordial sympathy will encourage many a faltering and discouraged brother. Many aching hearts in darkest loneliness, because of inattentive friends, are groaning and wailing. These are days of overwhelming discouragement for men. A kind word, a warm pressure of the hand, a God-bless-you, have brought vigor to many a heart-burdened man. Words and acts of love are well-nigh omnipotent in the transformation which they produce. Enthusiastic friends are legion in prosperity, but adversity tries the devotion of our followers.

Sympathy renders great blessings to the generous giver. Large as is the benefit which accrues to the recipient, greater benedictions rest

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upon the noble heart from which sympathy is freely extended. There is an enlargement of soul, a lengthening of vision, a widening of influence.

A young man once wrote to Herbert Spencer, inquiring, "What do you think of Christ?" and received the reply, "I do not know anything about Christ; I have no time to study about him." The entire philosophy of the agnostic can not smooth a dying pillow, or dry a tear of sorrow, or help a faltering brother. If any would be truly sympathetic, let him make the acquaintance of the Man of Sorrows. The world needs philosophy and demonstration and logic, but each of these will avail nothing to mankind unless it is linked with a deep and abiding interest in our fellow-man.

Mrs. Mary Livermore used to tell of an incident that occurred after one of the great battles of the Civil War. A gentlewoman was going about the battlefield, ministering to the wounded and dying. Mrs. Livermore, who had known her in former days as a fashionable society woman, approached her with the inquiry, "How do you happen to be here?" The answer was: "I was a gay and thoughtless woman, with no care beyond present enjoyment, when one day, going along the road out of Washington,

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I was attracted by a soldier lying in the gutter, who called to me, and said, 'I am dying; pray for me.' I answered, 'I can not; I will get a minister.' He said, 'I will die before he comes; you must pray for me.' I knelt beside him to pray, and that moment I stood face to face with God, my old life slipped away from me like a worn garment, and I went forth to serve him." In serving others she found Christ, and in finding her Lord discovered herself.

If we would serve well our fellows and fight winning battles for our country and our God, we must expect victory, and live in the brightness of hope. It is said that a Roman army once fought so earnestly and hopefully that they did not observe an earthquake which shook the rocks beneath their feet.

I do not know who was the first physician. Medicine dates back to the most ancient time when it was believed that all diseases were sent by the gods, and the treatment of the ills of the flesh consisted in superstitious rites performed by the priests. Among the Greeks, temples were dedicated to the worship of Æsculapius. Here serpents were kept, into which it was believed the god would insinuate himself; and these serpents were then set free in plague-stricken districts. Pythagoras, Hippoc-

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rates, and Aristotle were the first to wrest medicine from the hands of the priesthood, and, by a study of anatomy and hygiene and curative agencies, to formulate the principles and lay the foundation of *Materia Medica*.

While the Bible is full of transcendent beauties, profound doctrines, fundamental principles, and marvelous mysteries, yet it is none the less a lamp to our wayward feet and a light for the wearisome path of life; there may be found a prescription written by the Great Physician, which will prove a specific against many of the ills of the world, and a sure inspiration to a life of happiness and usefulness: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

A merry heart scatters sunshine. The old world needs sunshine. As the day would not dawn, nor flowers bloom, nor moons rise, nor birds sing without sunshine, so a merry heart is necessary to dispel the shadows and sweeten the joys of human life. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The world outside will partake of the character of our world within. Sunlight in the soul will rim with gold every dark cloud. No one can exert a more helpful influence upon others than he has first felt in his own life.

O that men and women would always wear

The Other Fellow

their picture-faces! The photograph gallery has no right to a monopoly of the amiable and bright faces. The artist ought to be the most contented man on earth, for people reveal to him only the best in their natures. Cheerful countenances are like blooming flowers along life's highways. Who is it that says that every one ought to be beautiful at forty, and that no old person ought to be ugly, for he has had all his life to grow beautiful?

A merry heart sees the bright side of things. It believes that the blackest cloud has a silver lining, does not allow itself to be overwhelmed with anxiety, and is patient in the midst of uncertainty; is sustained by an unfaltering trust, and does not murmur while purposes are ripening. With energy it fights always a victorious battle.

"He that observeth the winds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Those who dwell on the dark side of things bring nothing to pass except disaster, and create nothing save the wailings of a demoralizing pessimism. The bright side of things is radiant with faith in God, our brother, and ourself.

"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

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What folly, therefore, to run along the banks of life, trying to overtake a wasted wavelet, when God's hills and heavens are full of showers and rivers not yet born!

A merry heart lightens burdens. It is a burden-bearer. Life will have its perplexities. Finiteness is itself a burden to a soul which feels within itself the prophecy of infinite power and perfection. Virgil, Homer, Milton, Dante, Pope, and Schiller, each sang beautiful songs in the midst of physical suffering—like a bird with a thorn in its breast. Beethoven was deaf; Angelo, he who was a masterful creator of perfect forms, had a broken nose; Burke and Bacon had sore bodily ailments—but O, what eloquence and what philosophy! Like the sun, where sometimes the river plunges into a gloomy chasm, catches up the flying mists, and weaves them into arches of radiant beauty, so a merry heart carries its light into life's gloomy vales, and spans the heavens of a weeping soul with rainbows of hope and peace. Yes, it is the mission of good humor to fill the world with thrilling music and joyous laughter.

“We talk about the good times
As being far away,
While they are blooming in the rose,
Or hiding 'neath the hay!”

The Other Fellow

Where shall we go for a merry heart? Shall we seek it in gayety and dissipations, in light and poisonous literature, in amusement corrupting and enervating, in business enterprises questionable or dishonest? No, not there, not there! Shall we find it behind the high towers of luxurious selfishness? No, not there!

Only the God who made the human heart can reveal to it the secret of true merriment, of real happiness. If man would be truly happy, he must know something of the mystery of why he lives, how he should live, and whither he is going. The gayety of the happy passengers on shipboard would be quickly turned to dismay and weeping if the captain should lose his instruments by which the ship's course is known. Much in this life is mistaken for real joy and happiness.

In trust and gratitude to God for his mercies, in love and service to our fellow-men, in industry and humility and purity for ourselves, lies the secret of a happy life. Hospitals and asylums and cemeteries are populated with people who would not accept the Great Physician's remedy for the woes of life. Worry kills more people than the faithful doctors cure.

Several years ago I had occasion to cross the San Francisco Bay at daybreak. The east-

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ern horizon was bright with the shimmering premonitions of the approaching day. Strata of gray clouds were laid against the sky, and reached their long arms almost to the western horizon. By and by a cloud of gold-dust arose higher and still higher as the prancing steeds drew onward their chariot of fire—one could almost hear the champing of the bits—and a moment more, and the rim of the chariot-wheel appeared above the clear profile of the distant hills. It seemed a circle of molten metal. Then the blazing car rested an instant upon the hill-tops, and rolled upward upon a royal highway of light toward the zenith. The restless waves about me were of tangled gold, the seared hills around the bay were bathed in purple and crimson, the sky was dazzling with kaleidoscopic designs, and the somber city was set in frames of silver and brass. It was wonderful, gorgeous! The cause of all this morning glory was that the old sun was just attending to its divinely-appointed business of scattering sunshine. So does man add to the happiness of his fellows when he lets his light shine.

BARABBAS OR CHRIST

“In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find a political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us,—how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow can not fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that ‘Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.’ I firmly believe this, and I also believe that, without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.”

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, 1787.

“The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character.”

—BENJAMIN KIDD.

BARABBAS OR CHRIST

IN further delineating the character of the gallant warrior who shall defend his nation against a multitudinous internal foe, it seems scarcely needful to emphasize the necessity of faith. Thomas Paine was not a true patriot, nor can any man properly defend his country who has not sworn valiantly to obey his God. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. Infidelity and unbelief bear no fruit except the poisonous and bitter apples of Sodom.

All social problems are much vexed and irritated by unbelief. Atheism and infidelity are great enemies of the workingman. Toilers, as much as any others, need the poise and security which true religion gives. The greatest religious workers in the records of Christianity have come from the toiling masses. Unbelief leads to irreverence, discontent, dissipation, desecration, and, finally, to anarchy. The Bible, the Sabbath, the home, are the workingman's most

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valued possessions; and these all go when faith departs and unbelief and atheism come in. If capital and labor could each keep religious, their antagonisms could more easily be adjusted: they would the sooner see eye to eye. There is a common meeting-place where all wrongs can be and will be inevitably righted. That is at the throne of the Christ.

The portals of the Temple of Janus have not been closed since a lad of twelve years of age disputed with learned doctors in the city of Jerusalem. The irrepressible conflict between truth and error, right and wrong, reverence and blasphemy, goes on with unflagging interest. Truth steadily gains on the enemy, but error does not easily accept defeat.

Weak and vacillating Pilate becomes more despicable. He would be willing to be friendly to Jesus if his political place were not endangered. He is a typical modern demagogue who makes a show of moral reform, but in the end heeds the clamor of the vicious multitudes: cowardice for Pilate, never sacrifice. Chevaliers and martyrs are not made of such stuff. With a show of innocence he proclaims his irresponsibility before the multitude, and then dips his murderous hands in the blood of his victim! When he offers the bloodthirsty throng a choice

Barabbas or Christ

between the Savior of the world and a vile and traitorous murderer, they shout, "Barabbas! Barabbas!" And Pilate is left to answer his own question, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?"

The world is compelled to-day, to choose between Barabbas and Christ. Men may turn away from the direct question and postpone a decision, but every man is daily either with the few who honor and love and weep with the Nazarene, or he is acting with the bestial, gloating, jeering, gnashing mob that shrieks, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" It is a choice between Christianity and infidelity.

Jesus Christ did not come into the world to obstruct the path of progress and to punish men for unbelief, but he came to assist the earnest investigator in his difficult task, and to promise special blessings to the achievements of faith. He was kind to the doubter and the unbeliever's best Friend. His courteous and tender treatment of his disciple, Thomas, shows Christ's infinite interest in those who struggle with unbelief, and also his delicate appreciation of the difficulties of the honest doubter.

The Century Dictionary's definition of an infidel is, "A disbeliever in religion, or in divine revelation in general, especially one who denies

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or refuses to believe in the Christian religion, while accepting no other; one who rejects the inspiration of the Scriptures, or the Divine origin and authority of Christianity as revealed in the Bible." Contrast with this Lorenzo Dow's quotations defining a Christian:

"A Christian is the highest style of man."

"Slave to no sect, he takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

We are not infidels because the records are against infidelity. God everywhere reveals his power and his presence. Behold the record of the skies, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Behold the record of the rocks, where Christian scientists, like Winchell and Dana and Hugh Miller, have found the footsteps of a Creator. Behold the record of forces, and remember the strong statement of Professor Tyndall: "We have at length been brought by philosophical conclusions from the most advanced scientific knowledge of our day to the philosophical certainty that matter is not eternal, but that, from the beginning of nature, it was endued with some very wonderful properties by some intelligent will. This is the last and grandest revelation of nature."

Barabbas or Christ

Scrutinize with care the records of the nations. One hundred years ago, France was approaching a crisis. For a score of years, Voltaire and Rousseau had been polluting literature with rankest infidelity. Their dictum, "Reason, everything; God, man, nature, nothing," was supported with a frenzied enthusiasm. The French Revolution was precipitated, the whole world was agitated. Nor did it close until the weak, vain, extravagant Louis XVI was put to death by a multitude of his supporters. The streets of Paris ran with human blood, shed by an infuriated mob, excited beyond control by the diabolism of Robespierre. During the reign of terror eighteen thousand people were led to the guillotine. The Bastile may be gone, but no power can erase this bloody stain from the history of France.

In Germany infidelity has sought to make itself invincible in the strongholds of socialism, and points to the French Revolution as an illustration of what it will do. In America some short-sighted people have confounded liberalism with liberty; but if there is a slavish, narrow, cruel thing in this Republic, it is this thing called liberalism. It fastens its devotees, Prometheus-like, to the bare rocks of unbelief, and the vultures of infidelity destroy the finest capabili-

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ties of man's nature. Infidelity would drag our banner of freedom into the dust, and erase from our National escutcheon our motto, "In God We Trust."

Infidelity has no standard of morals, and, hence, no standard of true character. Intemperance, impurity, and blasphemy nearly always accompany infidelity. We do not say that one does not often meet avowed infidels who possess high moral standards and live moral lives; but we conclude, from careful observation, that the direct progeny and fruitage of infidel teachings are intemperance, impurity, blasphemy; and it is alarming how speedily disaster and ruin often follow in the life of those who forsake the standards of Christian living for the license and so-called liberty of infidelity.

Barabbas stands for destructive error. It is profane, violent, and blasphemous. It is aggressive in the persecution and destruction of Christ and his gospel. The prostituted printing-press, the engraver's art, the atrocious play, the diabolical schemes of vice, are all employed in the mad assault made upon things sacred. It takes the initiative, and numbers its victims with devilish glee.

Infidelity attacks our most sacred institutions. It levels its batteries at the home. It

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disregards the marriage vow and stultifies itself, by the establishment of Oneida communities and by the founding of such enterprises as the lamentable and disastrous blunder of Liberal, Missouri. It would wrest from us the Sabbath—man's rest-day, his home-day, his worship-day.

This day of rest is a physical and domestic necessity. It is a day when a vast number of our citizens desire to assemble in their places of worship. Infidelity respects none of these demands, but would ruthlessly tear from tired humanity this sacred boon. Infidelity would reduce every church to ruins, and deprive humanity of the consolations of home and religion. It recognizes none of the soul cravings after the Infinite, and leaves man in the frightful surges of the storm of life without chart or rudder.

Christ stands for constructive truth—truth, gentle, brilliant, everlasting. It may be put to death, apparently, by angry foes, but it rises the third day with increasing power. Truth has life that the world did not give, and of which the machinations of men can not deprive it. Sometimes it builds as the thunderbolt, by first tearing down; but it is ever and always constructive. Sometimes, like the pioneer, it makes clearings in the brushwood for its foundations, but *only* that later on it may build more gloriously.

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Barabbas means anarchy, sedition, and revolution. Infidelity does not inculcate respect for law. It regards neither the Ten Commandments nor the Sermon on the Mount. It is the sworn foe of personal purity and the blasphemous propagator of dangerous precepts. No infidel can be a true patriot. No man can serve the world who has never found a God in a dew-drop. No one can suffer for his country who knows nothing of God's suffering for man. Is it simply a coincidence that all anarchists are infidels? Infidelity has been criminally intimate with the traitors and anarchists of this country, and has helped to mold the bombs which have been hurled at republican institutions. It never has been, nor will it ever be, that an infidel can be a great patriot. True patriotism and infidelity have no affinity. Barabbas satiates his thirst with human blood, and hence infidelity believes in revolution—in reigns of terror and the guillotine.

Christ means law, order, and evolution. "Peace! Be still!" falls upon troubled seas. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Christ attracts by love; he charms his foes into friends. A Christian can not be false to his country: his duties to Cæsar are as sacred as his obligations to Christ. A good Christian

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can not make a poor patriot. Christ re-enforced the Ten Commandments and preached a gospel which, if adopted in the councils of men and in the affairs of business life, would soon reconstruct society upon secure foundations, and level nearly all the inequalities of life.

Barabbas teaches false ideas of life. His motto is despair. Infidelity inculcates "the dominion of the masses over the educated, feet over the head, sensual enjoyments over the inner man, force takes the place of right, robbery takes the place of property, free love displaces marriage." It lives for self, and confounds license and liberty. Infidelity offers no practical theory of life, no working hypothesis which will improve the individual and elevate society. Infidelity is not philanthropic in its operations. It builds no schools, and operates no hospitals. The *New York Herald* published the fact that there are 376 colleges in this country, 312 being religious and 64 secular, but not one infidel; and further declares that "there is not an atheistic college or university in the world." It knows nothing of self-denial and sacrifice, and when clouds cast their dark shadows, infidelity has no refuge but in self-destruction. Infidelity applauds suicide. By recent reliable statistics, the number of suicides to each 100,000 inhabit-

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ants is as follows: In Paris, 42; St. Petersburg, 7; Berlin, 36; Rome, 8; London, 23; New York, 12; Dresden, 51; Lisbon, 2. A notorious infidel's fallacious argument in favor of the right and privilege of suicide has been found in the pockets of a half dozen persons who have killed themselves. It is not an impertinence to ask how long it will be before the man who thinks he has a right to kill himself will arrogate to himself a similar right to kill his fellows? Unbelief encourages unbridled appetites, and by and by deceived victims are bound by chains of passion, beside whom abject slaves in galley depths are freemen.

Christ teaches the life abundant. The Christian's talismanic word is hope. Faith relates man to the mighty God; charity to his fellow-men; but hope unlocks the mysteries of his own life, and explains the enigma of personal existence. Christ reveals the infinite purpose of man's creation to be man's service to his fellows. There is no higher law than the law of service. The Christian is optimistic. So is science. The best will at last prevail. The failures of life are nearly all due to false conceptions of living. Christ teaches men to "seek first the kingdom of heaven." He endeavors to show that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things

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which he possesseth." Virtue and purity and service are life; not power and gold and place.

The progress of truth along the ages is marked by mountainous milestones, such as Mount Ararat, Mount Sinai, Mount Olivet, Mount Hermon, and Mount Calvary. On a promontory pushing itself into the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea stands Mount Carmel. Here the forces of Paganism were concentrated against a brave man, who alone held the blood-thirsty throng in check until he proved to them that a God of Israel would answer by fire; and when the sacrifice upon the altar had been consumed, all the people cried out exultingly: "The Lord, he is God! The Lord, he is God!" Elijah triumphed, and the priests of Baal were slain.

On the battlefields, when truth and error have met in hand-to-hand conflict, the God of the Bible has sooner or later prevailed. At Marathon, at Waterloo, and at Gettysburg, the God of light, concealed behind the black clouds of war, has given victory to the truth which conquers, and defeat to the error which can not live.

All other gods fail in comparison with Jehovah. The theology of Zoroaster is perpetually entombed in the Tumuli of Persia, and only vestiges of that ancient religion can be found among the Parsees of Asia. Zeus, of the Greek;

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Jupiter, of the Roman; and Osiris, of the Egyptian, are remembered to-day only by dilapidated temples, and are preserved only in the picturesque legends of ancient mythology. It is said that modern art is endeavoring to restore the Parthenon to something of its past splendor; but certain it is that all the power of earth can not turn men back to the pagan worship of the goddess Athene.

So far as modern Oriental religions are concerned, they can not endure comparison with the God of the Bible. As Wendell Phillips, once truly said, "The one great argument against the religion of India is India itself." The great Oriental religions are gradually disappearing. No new temples are being erected, and many of the older ones are passing into ruins. Dagon is on his face before the Ark of God.

Men, in their quest for other gods, have bowed before the golden calf and before the idols of fame, only to say with the millionaire, Mr. Sears, of Massachusetts, on their death-beds, "My life has been a failure;" or, with John Randolph, that sturdy and astute Virginian, "Remorse! remorse!" or, with Daniel Webster: "Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!" Alas! alas! that men seek for soul comfort at the altars of worldly ambition and wealth.

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Men have sought to find a god in unbelief. A blatant unbeliever a few years ago asked, sarcastically, "Did any one ever see God?" What moral imbecility! Did any one ever see love? Yet who but knows its reality and power and believes that it is the greatest thing in the world?

Nor do men succeed any better when they seek for shrines of worship in philosophy. The Stoics and Epicureans proved long ago that philosophy could not redeem and comfort a world. Marcus Aurelius, after labor in vain to find a god in philosophy, had placed upon his tomb, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." John Stuart Mill, after a fruitless search in the same directions, wrote his epitaph in a similar sentiment, "Most unhappy." At one time in her life the brilliant George Eliot announced a substitute for religion in philosophy, and became herself the fascinating priestess of a kind of new theology; but in disappointment she wrote, "God, immortality, duty: the first, inconceivable; the second, unbelievable; the third, imperative." Toward the close of her life she seemed to return to altars long forsaken when she wrote to a friend, "I have very little sympathy with freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonisms to religious doctrines." It is said that during her last years

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she studied Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and daily read the Bible.

As a substitute for Jehovah, men have bowed at the altars of science, hoping there to find a god. But when Tyndall, and afterwards Pasteur, proved that the spontaneous generation of life out of dead matter was a myth, then the stronghold of atheism was overthrown. Life must be begotten by life, and behind all matter and power must be power and matter. Then men rushed to the refuge of materialistic evolution, only to find that all evolution leads to the throne of the Infinite, and substantiates the first verse of the Bible, "In the beginning, God." Evolution is daily weaving new crowns of glory for Jehovah, and showing how the Creator deposited power in matter; and under his direction all things pass the Infinite impulse on to their successors, gaining, instead of losing, in divine force and beauty. The mind power of the age is on the side of Christianity. The philosophers and poets and statesmen and historians and scientists and painters and sculptors and musicians who defended and reverently accepted and lived the benign principles of the Christian religion, include nearly all the great names of history and of the present. Who will call the roll? Newton, Kepler, Bacon, Dante,

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Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Angelo, Raphael, and devout Leonardo da Vinci, Faraday, Agassiz, Dana, Washington, Patrick Henry, Webster, and Lincoln. A leader in English letters remarks, "It is difficult for me to remember a single man of first rank in science who is opposed to Christianity." With Richard Watson Gilder the scholars are saying:

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him
And to him I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."

Many skeptical scientists have found, with Professor Mhegard, of the University of Copenhagen, the insufficiency of science in the emergencies of life, and have adopted his words: "Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished. When the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings—the cable of science—broke like a thread. Then I seized upon the help that many before me had laid hold of. I

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sought and found peace in God. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned it to another place in my life."

Heine, the great German physician and philosopher, had an almost identical experience. After many years of widely-proclaimed unbelief, he says: "The divine homesickness came upon me; I rushed to my room, closed the door, and fell upon my knees and prayed for strength and courage and joy. I am now happy with my God. Prayer hath done this."

Thus do men who have sought for other gods vindicate the God of the Bible. The world does not need another God; it can nowhere find a God like Jehovah. Our God is a God of common sense, and any interpretation of Scripture that is not common sense may be certain to be a misunderstanding of the Bible. He is a God of justice and mercy, and not a cruel avenger. He is a God of wisdom and truth, and of benevolence. A great infidel once asked, "Why did not God make health catching?" Science answers by saying that is exactly what the Creator did do, and emphasizes it in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Sin is death, while goodness is life. It is the best, at least the fittest, which endures. As every one has observed, the evil-doer is soon cut off. The God

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of the Bible is a Redeemer and a Savior. He forgives sin, and builds character. With the poet of the Psalms, we are ready to exclaim: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee! Thou art God alone!"

Barabbas had no comfort in death, no eternal hope. In the final defeat which awaits all haters of Christ, the cry is often heard, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" After most faithful service to unbelief there is no reward in dying except "a frightful leap in the dark." It is not natural thus to die. Men have an intuitive reach for another world. Infidelity smothers this instinctive longing out of the soul. The best consolation it can afford is to say: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry." The universal craving for a better life proves immortality. Complete works on science to-day include an argument for immortality. In the world about us there are decay and disintegration, but not annihilation and diminution. Shall it be less so with man's soul, his real personality? Barabbas takes away from his followers the rudder by which to steer through the black sea of death, and leaves them to be dashed

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to pieces against the sharp rocks of doubt and uncertainty.

Some years ago a traveler was taken ill in Paris. An experienced nurse was visited, and when she was asked if she would serve the sick man, she said, "Before I consent to accompany you, permit me to ask, Is your sick friend a Christian?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, she said, "I am the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die." Voltaire's physician also left this testimony: "It was my lot that this man should die under my hands. As soon as he saw that all the means he had employed to increase his strength had just the opposite effect—for death was constantly before his eyes—madness took possession of his soul. Think of the ravings of Orestes! He expired under the torments of the Furies."

Infidelity has no bow of promise to span in radiant beauty the tempests of sorrow and woe. It has no ray of eternal hope to dart its kindly light into the valley and shadow of death. Infidelity has no Almighty Arm upon which failing humanity may rest its trembling hand. It hears no strains of music from an invisible choir, and sees no gates of pearl through which redeemed man may sweep to his coronation.

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Contrast with this sad and frightful description the sublime and peaceful and triumphant deaths of Christians, from the martyrdom of Stephen to the translation of Gladstone. If infidelity embitters life, enslaves the body, destroys peace of mind, and utterly forsakes and tortures in death, what man is there who will choose Barabbas instead of Christ?

Colonel Ingersoll, in a letter to Eli Perkins, who was compiling a book of great orations, wrote: "In using my speeches, do not use any assault I may have thoughtlessly made on Christ, which I foolishly made in my early life. I believe Christ was the one perfect Man. 'Do unto others' is the perfection of religion and morality. With Christ's 'Do unto others' there could be no murder, lying, covetousness, or war."

Thus do his enemies continue to vindicate Jesus Christ; but he does not need the defense of his foes. All along the centuries men who have once maligned the Christ have hurried to cast some crown at his feet. Jesus does not want their rhetoric, he wants their loyalty; not their eloquence, but their love. Jesus came, not to receive the adulation of men, but to break their sinful hearts and save their souls.

A thoughtful man once said he might have

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become an infidel, but for three things: "First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it the teachings of the gospel."

Hannah More once said, "No one ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed." Is it not enough? Shall it be Barabbas or Christ? A thing that is not sufficient in the dying hour is not good enough to live by. If it is a broken reed in the valley and the shadow, it is a false staff in the highways of life.

No, I am not an infidel, because men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. The fruitage of infidelity proves it to be utterly out of harmony with the Creator's purpose in making this beautiful world. It debases humanity; it grows thorns where flowers ought to bloom; and, if it ever held a scepter over society, there would be a Bacchanalian carnival of godlessness, of impurity, of blasted hopes and broken

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hearts. It would visit destruction upon men
and precipitate the day of doom.

“There is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief!
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief!
Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief!
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief!
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny.
God knoweth why.”

THE SACRAMENT OF BLOOD

"You will hear this patriotism scorned as an impracticable theory, as the dream of a cloister, as the whim of a fool. But such was the folly of the Spartan Leonidas, staying, with his three hundred, the Persian horde, and teaching Greece the self-reliance that saved her. Such was the folly of the American Nathan Hale, gladly risking the seeming disgrace of his name, and grieving that he had but one life to give for his country. Such are the beacon-lights of a pure patriotism that burn forever in men's memories, and answer each other through the illuminated ages."

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

"What pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country."

—ADDISON.

"St. Francis died of a broken heart. Savonarola was both hung and burned. Wesley, Edwards, and Finney were driven from their churches. Mazzini and his friends were vagabonds on the face of the earth. Not long ago, Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, and Lovejoy met his death at the hands of political retainers."

—SELECTED.

THE SACRAMENT OF BLOOD

ON one occasion, in Boston, when the brilliant Negro orator, Frederick Douglass, had drawn a fearful picture of the ravages of human slavery, and in words of tearful humiliation and discouragement expressed the fear that the evil of slavery was so intrenched in the social habits of the people that it would never be destroyed, his hardly less eloquent, but more hopeful, sable sister, Sojourner Truth, startled the vast audience by crying out, "Frederick, is God dead?" No, God was not dead; neither is he now dead. The people may be inert, timid, and lethargic; but God's Eye never sleeps. He is forging thunderbolts of power which, some day, brave human hands will seize and hurl against the hosts of sin.

Our next war will win the most signal victories of history. The logic and philosophy of the centuries point to this inevitable conflict; but when it shall be fought depends upon the human factors. If present-day men shall have a part in this sublime struggle, they must be willing

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to allow the momentum of the law of progress to push them into battle. When the God of Nations can not get men to respond to his will, with Infinite patience he waits for a succeeding generation to bear the burdens and wear the honors. The law of the evolution of the good would be mightily accelerated in its movements if true men would promptly respond to the call of duty.

In these rapid days in which we live, epochs and climaxes should follow more speedily than in the former years, when the stride of progress seemed to be measured by a generation of thirty or forty years. Every decade should now witness the eloquent culminations of Divine Providence through responsive human agencies.

We may be nearer this great crisis than some of us may imagine. In the '50's, President Franklin Pierce, in his Inaugural Address, in referring to slavery, said: "I fervently trust that the question is now at rest, and that no sectional, nor ambitious, nor fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity." And yet, notwithstanding this sanguine prophecy, in less than ten years this Nation was involved in the most impetuous struggle of the centuries. History repeats itself.

The Sacrament of Blood

All the partings of the ways of history have been saturated with blood. In this next war there will be tears and blood shed. Great truths become immortalized in suffering, and sometimes in the martyrdom of their chief exponents.

“By the light of burning heretics,
Christ’s bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever,
With the Cross that turns not back.”

We descend from the bleeding cross of Golgotha, and trace the path of progress by the Gethsemanes and Calvaries of the followers of the Nazarene. No new chapters of history are written except by men who are ready to die. In far-away mediæval times, John Ball, “the mad priest of Kent,” organized his “Peasants’ Revolt,” and vehemently protested against the oppression of the poor. To be sure, he was hanged and quartered at St. Albans; but his blood only enriched the soil where grew the principle for which he contended; and with the death of John Ball serfdom disappeared from English history.

Abraham Lincoln perished, a victim on these same altars, but lives forever as the apotheosis of American manhood.

“We are not deathless till we die—
’Tis the dead win battles.”

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Reverently recall the sacrifice of that brave Swiss mountaineer, Arnold von Winkelried, "gathering into his own breast the points of Austrian spears, making his dead body the bridge of victory for his countrymen."

The epochs of history have turned upon human pivots, hinges of flesh and blood. Giordano Bruno unflinchingly answers his inquisitors, "I ought not to recant, and I will not recant." Of course, he is burned at the stake, but triumphantly; for his final words were, "I die a martyr, and willingly," and his ashes were cast into the Tiber. But Time is a just retributor. Two hundred and fifty-nine years later a noble statue is unveiled to his memory on the identical spot where he suffered for the truth.

In the martyrdom of John Brown is seen a picturesque and pathetic sacrifice for the cause of liberty. His spirit, embalmed in stouter intellects, is the demand of these new-century years. In reply to a request to attend a council of war, he answered, "Tell the general, when he wants me to fight to say so; but that's the only order I will ever obey."

The lines of battle are formed. Liberty issues the commands. Forward, patriots! God presides over the contest. Victory is assured. Christ must win. Having done bravely our

The Sacrament of Blood

part, we may say, with Heine, "Lay a sword on my coffin; for I was a soldier in the war for humanity."

"Speak History ! who are life's victors ?

Unroll thy long annals and say,—

Are they those whom the world called the victors,

Who won the success of a day ?

The martyrs or Nero ? The Spartans

Who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians or Xerxes ?

His judges or Socrates ?

Pilate or Christ ?

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